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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, Feb. 17.

"THIS man (Wendell Phillips) made a speech at the Worcester Disunion Convention, in the course of which he used the following language:

"'I want to consolidate in Massachusetts downright opposition to slavery. I want to accustom Massachusetts to the idea of insurrection—to the idea that every man has a right to seize his liberty on the spot. If a negro kill his master to-night, write his name by the side of Joe Warren—say that he is a William Tell in disguise or a John Hancock in eclipse.'

"A feeling of charity should induce us to believe this poor Wendell insane, for surely no man in his senses would utter such an atrocious sentiment. The insane asylum and a straight jacket is the place for all such men as Phillips."

The *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer*, from which we clip the above, is wrong, or rather its "feeling of charity" has led it into error. Wendell Phillips, notwithstanding the enormity of his anti-slavery sentiments, is not "insane." He is, doubtless, in his "right mind," and gives utterance to opinions which he really entertains. There is one remarkable difference between Wendell Phillips and the large majority of his New England colabourers and sympathizers. *He* is bold to avow an object the consummation of which *they* would delight to witness. *He* might, probably, consent to become a martyr; *they* are too cowardly to hazard life in behalf of any cause, and too selfish to untie their purse strings for the benefit of even the unfortunate negro whom they have seduced from comfort and security.

There are men in that holy country, called New England, who are not afraid of uttering the sentiments which Phillips so boldly announced in Worcester, and who are impious enough to believe that thereby they are doing service invaluable to man and acceptable to God. They have but one idea, one passion—abolition—and to it they would bend every energy and sacrifice every temporal interest. They don't care the snap of their fingers for the union of these States. Union or disunion, to them, is the same. In either condition their vocation would not be abandoned. They could still abuse slavery and still utter their atrocious diatribes against the slave-owners. But with their followers and patrons—the merchants and bankers, the artisans, the schoolmasters, the book writers and printers of New England—it is far, very far different. While they piously hate slavery, they love the Union, and, better still, *the slave-owner's money!* Disunion would never do for them. Their "occupation" would be "gone," their fondest hopes for this world would be utterly blasted in such an event. To prevent it, they would, doubtless, increase their prayers, and *might* consent to a small enlargement of their annual charities. To them, indeed, is there a direct and practical application of the sentiment, "in Union there is safety." They wish the Union preserved at all hazards, irrespective of constitutional rights or obligations. Money is their object, and in *all* their "gettings" they endeavour to "get money." They do not care how much the South is abused, how many of her rights she is stripped of, so the South is kept in the Union. They will secretly applaud the insurrectionary, treasonable and hellish sentiments of Wendell Phillips, while, at the same time, they will have a bland smile, a latter-day-puritanical compliment, and an humble obeisance for their *Southern customer* when he comes to look at their "goods, wares and merchandise"; and, if his "bill" is sufficiently large to justify such an assault upon conscience, the customer may probably hear, before he leaves, something kind or flattering of "the sunny South!" On the other hand, should the same Southern customer meet with Wendell Phillips, he would, probably, receive a cold look and no salutation! For ourselves, as lovers of the Union, we should prefer more of the class of Wendell Phillips, and fewer of the puritanical, sycophantic jobbers and Mammon worshippers of New England. The former we would know when and where and how to meet; the latter might deceive and destroy us by disguises and artifice and fraud. The Southern planter and merchant would never have money dealings with Wendell Phillips, while even now, peradventure, they honour many "bills of credit" drawn for the benefit of those of his neighbours and friends who are his inferiors in courage, but his compeers in iniquity and treason. For the bellicose declarations of Phillips, and others of his class, we have simply a smile, mingled with the regret that manliness could not find a nobler vent; for the other class of which we have been speaking we have only contempt, unmixed with pity or fear. They can be subdued only by *cutting off their supplies.* This the South can do. The sooner the better for peace and union.

DAVID PAUL BROWN ON SECTIONALISM.

PHILADELPHIA, Sunday, Feb. 1, 1857.

To ——, *Publisher, of Mobile.*

DEAR SIR: You will pardon my writing to you, when I state that Mr. Small has handed me your letter of the 18th ult, in relation to the *Forum*, wherein you say, "we do not think it will have a very large sale in our section of the country, as the author, David Paul Brown, is here suspected of being an Abolitionist." Now, it makes very little difference to me, as I am not a professional author, whether the book has an extensive sale or not (although I may say its success has been beyond my utmost hopes), but I am sorry that you should ascribe its want of favour in Mobile to the suspicion that the author is a friend of human freedom. It is this sort of preposterous prejudice that sunders the North from the South. Nullification, abolitionism and disunion are introduced into every other subject, as if reasonable and patriotic men were to be affrighted by *bugbears*, and an indiscriminate prejudice substituted for judgment. As to suspecting *me* of being an Abolitionist, in one sense of the word, I trust I am *beyond suspicion.* If you mean, by abolitionism, a constitutional and a rational opponent of slavery, I put the matter beyond suspicion, and, in legal phrase, "*plead guilty*" at once. My whole life is evidence of my guilt. But, if you mean, in the first place, to attach every kind of odium to the term Abolition—such as fanaticism, radicalism, disunion and scoundrelism—then allow me to say you neither understand me nor the principles I advocate and espouse. I am as much opposed to Northern as I am to Southern ultraism—they are equally to be condemned, and they equally contribute to agitate and to degrade the country. I should be as much ashamed of myself to decline reading a book because it comes from the South as I should be to refuse to speak to my own brother because upon some subjects he might entertain different opinions from myself.

I repeat it, then, there is no occasion for your suspicions. My attachment to constitutional freedom is perfectly known—it is second only to my devotion to the Union. In the recent political conflict I opposed the sectional candidate for the Executive chair, because it appeared to me that what I held to be the *first* consideration (the entire Union) he might make the *second*, and thereby, in promoting the freedom of two millions of slaves, endanger the liberty of twenty millions of freemen. This impression may have been wrong, but it was *one* of the grounds upon which I preferred Millard Fillmore to both of the other candidates. These principles were fully announced by me in my speech before the National Convention at Baltimore, and you will pardon my vanity when I say I presumed they were known even in Mobile.

It is a remarkable feature in this controversy between North and South, that, contrary to the maxim that the middle course is the best, the man that pursues that course is condemned by the public on both sides. The North say I am a Southern man—the South say I am a Northern man, and I say I am American—not a sectionalist—not embracing one to the exclusion of the other—and permit me to add, that I have less fear in avowing this, as I ask no favours from either, have done much more for both parties than they ever did for me, and on the score of gratitude I stand acquitted.

I have thus thought proper to say more than was, perhaps, absolutely necessary in reply to your letter—self-vindication is sometimes too diffuse; and if I have trespassed in that respect, have the kindness to impute it to the desire that every man should endeavour to stand fairly in the estimation of his fellow-men.

Respectfully, &c., DAVID PAUL BROWN.

THE remnants of the Hutchinson Family announce a Concert in this city, on Tuesday evening. They have very much lessened their hold on public favour—as much, perhaps, by their want of the artistic skill which an improved public taste requires, as by their attempts to give a political direction to their art. Their participation in the late fanatical Convention held at Worcester, Mass., for the purpose of bringing about a dissolution of the Union, is calculated to create in the public mind a contempt which would probably break out into an open demonstration of indignant feeling, if their influence was sufficient to warrant any fear of the success of their principles.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Selections.

MORAL COSMETICS.

THERE are many men of a mild and gentle disposition, with that wisdom which unfeigned goodness bestows, who contribute more to the peace of society than others do who are more energetic and knowing. For, in the family, in neighbourhoods, and in general good society, there are hundreds of frets and troubles that are soothed and healed by patience and forbearance. It would be absurd to treat the petty whims of vanity, or the moods of indigestion, with solemn parade of principles, or with formal exhortation. We must go through society as we do through weedy pastures, not stopping at every burr and prickly seed; but walking straight along, and picking off the burrs and forked, prickly seeds, once for all, at the end.

Great is the virtue of ginger-bread when children are peevish and cross. With great deference to the scruples of neighbouring editors, we presume to say that bread and butter will soothe hungry children much sooner than Catechism or Bible.

In this particular sphere, how venerable are those great, good old peacemakers, that wear a face like the full moon, and a pocket fuller yet of all those little notions which are medicinal to so many petty troubles—cookies, sugar-plums, tin whistles, and picture books. Schools rise up and bless the good grandfathers. Every neighbourhood honours the innocent and dear old creatures, who carry a stream of kindness with them wherever they go.

But suppose a movement were made to fraudulently vitiate all the titles of real estate in the county; or an invasion of fundamental rights should take place; or the most serious and dangerous errors should poison the moral atmosphere—a peacemaker with his pocket full of peanuts and ginger bread would hardly have force enough to reach and remedy such deep and central evils.

We have multitudes of public men who make no distinction between the practice required for the mere infelicities and infirmities of men in society and the strong and positive evils which assault life at its centre. They are gentlemen of a mild and benevolent turn, who love peace, and who appear to think that the way to obtain it is simply to go about crying "*Do* be peaceable! Oh, sweet sinners, pray be quiet!"

When commercial avarice would devastate a continent, they treat it with the same comprehensive wisdom with which they would a quarrel where Miss Mary has declared that Miss Julia is not pretty. "Naughty Mary. Julia *is* pretty. You are too pretty yourself to make such a mistake; you did not mean it, did you? No! I thought so; kiss and make up!"

All the truths of man's nature are violated, and all the doctrines of the civil government under which we live are trampled furiously under foot. The matter grows, year by year, worse. It threatens to subvert the government, and corrupt national morals. In fifty years a people slide back in ideas two hundred! Kind juvenile grandfathers, with editorial pockets stuffed with remedial cakes or sweet cosmetics, walk forth with a benevolent smile, and propose to cure despotism with sugar-plums, and to destroy pride and the fanaticism of lust and selfishness by perfumed soap and shaving-cream. Good ministers there are, who hope better things of men than that they will be so wicked! A simple-hearted old gentleman in Boston, standing in his door when the British soldiers were firing upon the citizens in State street, received a shot in his arm. Clapping his hand upon the wound, he looked rather fiercely at the red-coats, and courageously said, "Look here, if they don't be still, they ought to be *talked to!*" We have just such men, with ideas as pertinent to the exigency of our times.

No man that knows Dr. Orville Dewey but knows him to be a thoughtful, honest-hearted, and good man. No one, we presume, doubts his sincerity, his candour, or his Christian patriotism. In all matters whose remedy was graceful patience and gentle goodness, none could better prescribe than he. We think of him as we do of Dr. Adams of Boston, and of sundry other Doctors in New York; not that they are not good men, but that they have gone beyond their depth in venturing upon public questions in our day. They are not willing to strike earnestly nor strongly, nor at the centre. They propose to treat violent and aggressive evils, in the very bones and marrow, with a mucilaginous poultice on the skin. They do not discriminate nor understand, apparently, that cautery is sometimes kinder than opiates, and that peace is not always the child of peacefulness. Pungent vigour, thorough-bred earnestness, a step that has thunder in it, and a stroke that carries lightning, these are, in great exigencies, both the creators and the preservers of *peace* —which is but a word for the calmness of victory after a struggle.

Dr. Dewey has published a letter in the *Evening Post* of the 16th inst., in reply to a violent and bitter attack upon him, first published in the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*, and since circulated in a pamphlet. We regard the Charleston letter just as Dr. Dewey does. It is impudent and ungentlemanly. It is neither true in much of its substance nor fair in its spirit. It is like the attack of a furious beast, that cares neither for person, place nor propriety, but only for clutch and grip; and in these, it must be confessed, it excels.

To Dr. Dewey it is a matter of great surprise that he should be subjected to such an attack, considering the mildness and inoffensiveness of his action upon the slavery question. More knowledge of human nature would have led him to expect it upon that very account.

Dr. Dewey has always been a conservative man, i. e. he has relied upon the general influences of Christianity as a remedy for slavery, rather than upon the specific administration of it. When the Fugitive Slave law was wantonly intruded upon Congress, not from any real need in the South, for there was none, but as a political instrument; a mere trick of ambition—a devil's wand by which to conjure up storms that needy adventurers might ride to power—Dr. Dewey fell, with hundreds of others, into the snare which was cunningly spread, being caught with chaff. Timid politicians were alarmed. Some designing men in New York got up a panic, based upon the most sordid material selfishness; and money and politics, like Pilate and Herod, made friends that they might destroy liberty. No pains were spared to alarm the older and more prudent clergymen of the land. It was perceived that the younger ministers were against them, and that they must be neutralized by the influence of older and more influential men. Letters were written, complimentary visits were paid. Professor Stuart, Dr. Sprug, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Lord, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Cox, Dr. Dewey, and many lesser lights, were kindled and lifted up by letters, sermons, and speeches, and put upon a lighthouse—like a grand Fresnel light, bringing many rays to one focus—to warn the country of dangers where there were none, and to blind them to dangers which *did* exist, and which now scarcely any man doubts or denies.

When this Northern treachery to liberty gave courage to Southern arrogance, they ventured further. Then came the scenes in Congress, the destruction of faith between the North and South by the abolition of the Missouri Compromise line; the conspiracy of Southern men to appropriate Kansas; the unexpected obstacle which free State emigration threw in their way; the unparalleled invasion and barbarity of the hordes from slave States; and the long tumult, with its cruelties and injustice, executive chicane, and administrative knavery.

Kansas is the commentary which time has written upon the Fugitive Slave law. The wisdom of Dr. Dewey and all his many—in other respects—very noble compeers, is to be found in the state of things which followed till now. If ever men were proved to be unfit for leadership by their mistakes, by their want of moral sympathy with right, and their want of insight and foresight in political affairs, *they* have been who attempted to soothe Northern consciences, and to persuade Christians to accept and submit to the Fugitive Slave law. And History will cease to be of any value in education if we neglect to emphasize this stupendous moral blunder. It is not to hurt the actors that we renew the mention of it; but because we are not through with the darkness and struggle. Half of the night is before us. And the mistakes of the past must be set up as beacons that they may not be committed again, and that men may not follow into the ditch again counsels and leaders that have already swamped them once.

When the Kansas troubles came upon us, the eyes of thousands were opened. Dr. Dewey, in a mild and very gentle manner, gave his views. It was this that enraged his Southern friends. They regarded him as a traitor. They understood his previous course, as Abolitionists did, as favourable to the South. When he changed his voice, they regarded it as going over to the other side. For the time is come when men must be for or against slavery. The lines *are* drawn. Neither side wants lukewarm friends. The poisonous days of evasions and compromises are gone. That was a blessed wind, even if it were the wind of battle, that drove away the miasma which set so many thousand men mid-way between liberty and slavery burning or shivering by turns, chattering and shaking, neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm and nauseous. And Dr. Dewey has only experienced the Apocalyptic prophecy, happily from the opposite quarter. He ought to be as glad as ever Jonah was, that at length the South has cast him forth!

He says:

"May I be permitted to say that the imputation conveyed by the whole tenor of this letter is very hard measure for *me*. I have firmly resisted the extreme measures of the Northern Abolitionists, and, in consequence, my name has been a butt and a by-word in their pamphlets, speeches and public meetings for a good many years. In my Elm Tree Address, I equally resisted the extreme opinion of the South, and the consequence is this letter. Does such a course look like time-serving, or trimming to suit any party or people? I should have said that it might have appeared like simple, uncalculating sincerity at least. Moderate people are *generally* very quiet and silent; it would have been good worldly policy for me to have been so; the great central conservative body seems to stand in its own strength, and seldom stretches out its hands to help its friends; it so happens, at any rate, that as I never sought, I have never got much praise in this slavery agitation from any quarter."

We accept the plea. We exonerate the Doctor from trimming or time-serving. He meant well, but was not wise enough to do well. He could have employed his judgment for his own guidance, remained in private, and have been unharmed. But when he assumed to lead others, and led them into quicksands, it is not enough to say, "I did not mean any harm." Effects follow good causes, not intentions. He says he sought no praise, and got none. We fear this is a prophecy as well as a record.

Again:

"Well, then, here I stand—between two fires—and if I am burnt up, I do not say it is much matter. But if I were, I think the credit extended to other martyrdoms might be allowed to this—that, at least, of simple and foolish honesty. I am not an extremist on this slavery question. I did not like Mr Sumner's speech—I abhorred the reprisal it met with I thought Mrs. Stowe did injustice to the slaveholder's character in not depicting a higher form of it than St. Clair or Mr. Shelby—for there is a higher—but I think her genius noble and fine. I did not vote for Mr. Fremont—I did not think his antecedents, his civic experience, justified it; I did not like the array of hostility to the South which his party presented; but I believed him to be a man of high merit and worth. 'What a rogue, a peasant slave,' I must be, to say these things, so smooth and pleasing to both parties! I must be expecting an office—I ought to be rewarded! 'See him crawl on his knees to the South!' says the Northern writer. 'See him crawl on his knees to the North!' says the Southron. Why, it must be a more incredible 'monster' than Caliban and Triaculo, to crawl opposite ways at the same time."

The simplicity of this extract is as charming as anything in Goldsmith's Vicar. The doctor has much to learn of the experience of being abused! Why, my dear sir, there are men who for thirty years have been clubbed in every bough, as if they had been chestnut trees near a village school; and the prickly nature of that which clubs brought down *did* remind one sometimes of chestnut burrs—the nuts excellent, but the covering somewhat displeasing to tender fingers! But to this paragraph we say, by his own showing, here is a good and gentle man, utterly unfitted to meddle in such affairs as a guide, but who is possessed with an idea that he has a mission—and going from side to side to perform it, his innocent inexperience brings upon him kicks and cuffs from some, jeers and jibes from others; and he is hustled out of the way by earnest men that have no time to trifle with moral cobwebs and iris-hued rainbows, painted, not on the rear of departing, but on the front of coming, storms.

"A man who takes his stand between two parties—opposing both, leaning to neither, however unpopular, weak, or absurd it be thought, and all the more for that—should be allowed at least the credit of independence and singleness of heart. I do not profess to know what is *politic*, or what is not; I seek only to see the truth, and as I see it to express it. And I think it would be just as well to let such simple persons have a place in the world, to say their say, unharmed. If not, then the martyrdom of *moderation* for *me!*"

Surely. Most truly. So kind and simple a man as is here described ought to "have a place in the world." The only question is, *What* place? Ought such a simple and unpolitic person to assume that it is his place to go before his generation and teach and lead them? It was the doing of this that has made the trouble.

"In this wild conflict and roar of opinions, unchained and let loose as the present day as they never were before, I do not believe that either of the extremes, whether in politics, or religion, or sociology, is altogether right or altogether wrong; still less that it is just for either party to charge the other, and everybody else differing from it, with base or unworthy motives. In this conviction I expect to live and die. I hear always of the magnificent Luther—seldom of the mild Melancthon; and I think I appreciate the boldness of the one as well as the lenity of the other."

Bless us! was the mild Melancthon, then, so different from Luther in aim, in effort, in instrument? Luther was a trumpet, and Melancthon a flute, but they both blow the same melody, and to the same beats of time. What has this, then, to do with Dr. Dewey's troubles, which are that he got the wrong tune, and played it out of time? He was playing South in furious discord with the North; and then he played North in furious discord with the South, and neither of them liked it, and told him so, requesting him, if he must play, to play by himself, and not as a band-leader!

"But I believe the time will yet come when lenity, forbearance, patience, moderation, will have a place in the esteem of mankind little thought of now; when it will be seen that it requires more strength and magnanimity to take that place than the extreme right or the extreme left, in the battle of opinion. God forbid it should be, when our present civilization is trodden under foot of contending parties! but even that time may come."

One thing is very certain, that the middle of the battle of Bunker Hill was no time for sermons about peace, nor for hymns chanting moderation. But all this descant of peace is false in root and branch. A man may talk low, and yet talk right. A man need not be vehement to be earnest. We ask of no man violence or uproar. If it be his nature to act through mild measures, so let him act. That which we demand is, that action be explicit, direct and right. And we arraign the chaplains of the Fugitive Slave law, not because they were kind and gentle, in voice and manner, but because they were on wrong ground, urging false principles, and sowing dragon's teeth in the mildest way, with sweet smiles and graceful gestures. One more extract:

"I do not, then, as I never did, hold any extreme ground on this slavery question, and it is only by mistaking the obvious tenor of my address, so far as it relates to this point, that the letter finds occasion for attack or argument as against *me*. It was a remonstrance with the South, not as holding slaves, but as determining never to let them go—as endeavouring to legitimate, perpetuate and extend the slave system. With this view I said, first, that the system *began* in 'a monstrous wrong'; and that what began so—what our Government and the whole civilized world had pronounced to be piracy—what entailed dishonour upon the slave-dealer, ought not to be *eulogized* as 'an excellent and admirable thing.' Next, I said that our fathers did not so regard it; that the men of the Revolution, both North and South, did not; and that at the formation of our Government, neither the people nor the Constitution contemplated the legalizing and spreading of it over Territories and States beyond its original limits. I then came to the main point—the recent change in Southern opinion—the *espousal* of this system as excellent and admirable, and deserving to be cherished, perpetuated, extended. Against this I protested and still protest. I gave my reasons. I did so frankly and kindly. I spoke of an *institution*. So far as *persons* whom I knew were regarded, I spoke of them with warm admiration and interest. And I never suspected, and can scarcely believe now, that the price of their friendship or the condition of their hospitality was that I should say *this* or *that* concerning their municipal laws and peculiar institutions."

Dr. Dewey *will* have to believe that he must say just "*this* or *that*, concerning their municipal laws," &c. The South knows what it is about. It has come, as all people must come, who embark on false principles in a living age, to the point where it goes back by revolution, or plunges headlong forward. The South, true to its impetuous blood, has chosen the latter. It henceforth scorns all milk-and-water men. Their favour will go to clear and open friends; their contemptuous dismissal will be given to all who will not become partisans. It is better so. It will make honest men, at last, to have two sides, and no whip-rows.

We call our readers to witness that no amount of prudence, no care or conciliation, will save a man from abuse, or help him forward with wickedness. Garrison and Phillips have squared their guns, and thrown shot and shell right into the system of slavery, and abuse is all that they have got. Dr. Dewey has put the mildest powder into his silver gun, and made a silken wadding to cover a dough-bullet. He aimed the dangerous instrument far above their heads, and with great delicacy pulled the trigger. The South has replied with a good *round* discharge of shot that had no sham in them, and the good man is perfectly amazed at this way of doing things! When will men learn that manliness, fearlessness, and downright, straight-forward action, is the safest, and in the end the most sure of PEACE?

The error with Dr. C., and the whole school which he represents, in an unregulated sympathy that does not help, but prevents, decision. In every cause, and its antagonist side, they see *some* truth. They desire, for the sake of fairness and truth, not to deny merit. They stand between irreconcilable opposites, drawn toward each, and drawn away from each. Their sympathy is with the fragments of truth, and not with the scope and direction of truth warring against evil. Tell them that the Great Dismal Swamp is a pest and a curse, and they will half admit it; but reply that, after all, many flowers grow there and some fruit-bearing vines, and these incidental spots of good neutralize the repulsion of all the evil. They live among active men in a state of moral reverie, but not of active and conclusive choice.

Our Revolution produced just such men. They saw good on both sides. There was good in liberty, and there was good in strong governments. They thought expression was wicked, and rebellion too was wicked, and so they hung between the two without strength to choose either.

This is the phenomenon of our day. The nation is convulsed with a conflict second to none since the dawn of Christianity. Right in the path of Christianity lies an evil, that in our day, and in our circumstances, is a greater hindrance to the Gospel than would be the whole Papacy and the whole kingdom of Atheism united, carrying with it the despotism of the one and the godless license of the other. Right in the path of our civilization lies a slough deep as perdition. The shadows of the past are coming back, and the spirit of three hundred years is seeking to regain to tyranny on this continent all that Christianity has wrested from them over the other.

There are those who know instinctively that there can be no agreements here. There are two sides and no middle ground in real life, whatever there may be with moral reverists. But there are men that vibrate between the two—cautious, timid, conscientious, anxious to be true, swayed by the sense of truth both ways, and they have not full hearts for either. They break down in their gentle attractions and sympathies, like a judge that cries to both sides of a plea, and ends by deciding that he wishes that the case had been a little different from what it is!

It is not a question of whether all evil has not incidental good; whether all bad does not clothe itself with some compensation. The sensitive Greek, called to choose between the æsthetic mythology of Heathenism and the humble spirituality of the Gospel, had a thousand times more chances for hesitation than we have between Christ and the Belial of our day!

If men are so constituted as not to be fitted for such warfare, they should court privacy. If they attempt to act as leaders, they must not be surprised if both sides reject them. Let them go down into their berths. While the storm lasts, let them not put their hand on the wheel. Only rugged men belong to the strife of the elements, and the tug for mastery at the wheel; one party, determined to steer by the chart of selfishness; and the other party determined that the age shall be guided by the compass of God's word.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

AGITATION IN MISSOURI.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

JEFFERSON CITY, Missouri, Feb. 13, 1857.

THE Missouri Legislature, now in session here, has recently been agitating the question of emancipation. It seems that a candidate for Director of the State Bank was charged by the pro-slavery party with being an emancipationist, which he did not deny. When his case was disposed of, Senator Carr, of Pike County, introduced the following resolution:

"Whereas circumstances have rendered it necessary, and it is due to the constituent body of our fellow-citizens of the State of Missouri, that the Legislature of the State should give an unequivocal expression of opinion in regard to the subject of the emancipation of slaves in the State; be it, therefore,

"Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, That the emancipation of all the slaves held as property in this State would not only be impracticable, but that any movement having such an object in view would be inexpedient, impolitic, unwise and unjust, and should, in the opinion of this General Assembly, be discountenanced by the people of this State."

The discussion upon the resolution was exciting and interesting. Its passage was warmly resisted, and the evils of slavery as fearlessly pictured upon the floor of the Senate of Missouri as ever they could be in New England or New York. The resolution was finally passed by a vote of twenty-five in favour to four against it; three of the four being from St. Louis County, and one from the interior.

The struggle in the House was even more interesting than in the Senate. Yesterday the resolution was called up in the morning session, when Mr. Brown, from St. Louis, commenced speaking against it. He spoke until twelve o'clock, when the House adjourned till two o'clock. His speech in the morning was listened to with great attention by the members, and several Senators left their seats to hear him. Upon reassembling in the afternoon, the lobby was crowded with eager listeners, and they were well repaid for their attention, for the speech was clear, fearless and thoughtful. He compared the census statistics of Iowa and Illinois with those of Missouri, showing the vast increase of emigration and advancement in all that tends to make a State wealthy and powerful in the two former, while the latter has natural wealth in the richness of her agricultural, mineral and commercial elements such as no other State can boast. He said further, "Emancipation is demanded by every consideration of political economy and social advancement. The capital invested by the twenty-five thousand slaveholders of Missouri can be paid back dollar for dollar by an emancipation bill, which, if passed, will invite and secure such a thrifty emigration as shall increase the value of real estate sufficient to pay every slaveholder for each slave, and then leave a balance of over forty millions of dollars. And the advantage to our commercial interests will be no less important. It is estimated by the shippers of St. Louis that they lost, the past season, not less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in freight money alone as the result of the raid made upon Kansas by the border counties, afterwards encouraged and aided by South Carolina and Georgia, which destroyed for a time all confidence in one of our greatest highways, turning a vast trade from our metropolis to other marts and through other channels. The sensitive ties which bind the merchant and the creditor, ever delicate as the gossamer thread, but strong as the strongest when mutual confidence exists, have been rudely snapped and ruthlessly disregarded. The credit of the border counties has suffered in the great marts of trade. The outfitting of trains about to commence their weary western journey, which has heretofore been chiefly done at Independence, Westport and Kansas City, instead of making them their headquarters, and thus, through them, making St. Louis the great market, has sought Omaha City for its depôt and Chicago its emporium. The cause of all this you will not ask me; it is apparent to every mind. Whether you wish it or not, it stands revealed to you in the system of human slavery. Sir, you may call these free soil, anti-slavery or abolition sentiments. I call them the sentiments of justice and humanity, in an eminent degree; and as such, by whatever name they may be called, *be it anti-slavery, be it abolition, be it free soil, be it emancipation*, they are sentiments which *I am proud to acknowledge are my sentiments, and which I am ever ready to defend*, even upon the floor of the Missouri Legislature. My sympathies are with the six hundred thousand toiling masses of Missouri; even with the 'greasy mechanics,' if you please, for with them are the elements of prosperity and vigorous growth; and their interests I shall ever defend, when brought into collision with the twenty-five thousand slaveholders. And, sir, if this question, so suddenly brought to our attention, shall be made an issue in the August election, none will accept it more gratefully than I, giving thanks that it came in *my* day, when I can have an active part in this great struggle."

A motion to reject the resolutions was lost by a vote of 29 ayes to 97 noes. The resolutions finally passed the House by a vote of 107 ayes to 12 noes. The agitation of the question was decidedly distasteful to many of the legislators; one Senator refused to vote, and no stretch of parliamentary tactics which the majority could contrive would induce him to change his determination. The Sergeant was sent to drum up absentees, but he was not entirely successful. In the House, previous to the passage, a motion to reject or postpone indefinitely was lost by a vote of 29 to 97. One member said he was opposed to the agitation of the question, but, as the resolutions were to be forced through the Legislature, and there seemed to be no escape from them, he would vote in favour of their passage.

When the name of Mr. McGee, of Putnam, was called, he asked to be excused from voting. The House refused to excuse him. Mr. McGee said he did not like to be refractory, and supposed he had to vote, as the House would not excuse him, but before doing so he would say a few words.

His constituents had not instructed him upon the question involved in the resolutions. It was his opinion that a majority of his constituents were in favour of emancipation, but he himself was opposed to it, and, as he was forced to vote upon the question, he would vote his own sentiments, and not the sentiments of his constituents. He voted for the resolution.

The large vote in favour of these resolutions does not fairly represent the feeling of the people, and their expression cannot be had except the question be made an issue in the next elections, and there is now some prospect that it will be. Then can be justly determined the exact sentiment of Missouri. Observation leads to the belief that when the issue be made, the pro-slavery party will find a powerful enemy. Everybody knows that the slaves which are owned in Missouri are held in a few counties, and by a few men, there being not more than twenty-five thousand slaveholders in the whole State, while her white population is nearly six hundred thousand.

St. Louis City will be found to lead this emancipation movement. Her population in 1856 was 125,000, of which 3,000 were free blacks, and less than 2,000 were slaves. Her merchants feel the burden of the yoke. They see the wonderful growth of her northern rival, the great Chicago, and, with natural advantages certainly not inferior, they feel the great disparity, and with earnestness she demands the removal of this obstacle to her prosperity. The northern counties will join St. Louis in this movement, and the people of the vast interior will respond to the call. Let us hope that here, upon its own soil, the evils of slavery will work their own cure, even in the emancipation of slavery itself at an early joyful day. The struggle will be a bitter and perhaps a long one, but we can patiently wait for so happy a result. OCCIDENT.

BLACK SEAMEN KIDNAPPED AT LIVERPOOL BY AMERICANS.

From The Liverpool European Times, Jan. 24.

THE scenes of outrage and bloodshed which frequently occur on the Mersey in the case of outgoing vessels demand prompt attention; and if the law as it exists at present is insufficient to suppress the evil, the remedy is easy —the law must be strengthened. These painful outbreaks are confined for the most part to vessels sailing to and from the United States, and an apt illustration of the scenes to which we allude occurred this week on board of a vessel called the James L. Bogart, commanded by Captain Conway, lying in the river and bound to Mobile. It appears that a number of coloured seamen were engaged to sail this vessel, whose destination was a seaport in the slave State of Alabama, where, on arrival, the black mariners would be taken from the ship, and, according to the laws of the State, thrown into prison until she was ready to proceed to sea again. It is stated that some of the mariners were informed that the vessel's destination was the East Indies, and under this impression the men accepted the engagement. But they found, when on board the James L. Bogart, the real state of the case, and naturally refused to proceed on the voyage—insisted on leaving a vessel which was to convey them to a prison, although they exhibited little of the indignation by which white men would be influenced who had been the victims of a conspiracy. The result was what might have been anticipated—mutiny, followed by a melée, which compelled the Liverpool authorities to interfere. Fire-arms were discharged, the vessel hoisted a flag of distress, and the affray terminated by the crew, on the representation of the captain, being taken over to Birkenhead, where the magistrates rigidly investigated all the circumstances connected with this disgraceful business.

That the crew acted with great forbearance under the provocation we have glanced at is clear from the evidence of the pilot who had charge of the Mobile-bound ship, and whose sympathies, like those of his class, are usually in favour of the captain and the superior officers. The pilot's evidence reveals the fact that from the moment the men came on board they were brutally treated—kicked, knocked down, and put in irons, and this system of persecution was deliberately acted upon from the afternoon of Saturday until the morning of Monday last, when matters had reached the crisis which demanded the interference of the civic authorities. In fact, the pilot was assured by the second mate that the crew were thus systematically ill-treated from the commencement, because it was feared that they would make their escape, and every opportunity seems to have been sought to prevent this by placing them in confinement below. The pilot further added that he did not hear an insolent word from any of the crew during this long series of unprovoked punishment, and the cabin-boy declared that when, on the Monday morning, the crew were ordered to their duty, they replied they would not work, and they would not go to Mobile, upon which intimation the first and second mates procured pistols and a cutlass. The crew then seized, in self-defence, handspikes and such other weapons as they could command, and the affray then commenced, which nearly cost the first officer his life, and in the course of which one of the unoffending seamen was shot in the thigh by a revolver, used by the second mate, who is said to have expressed regret that the bullet did not go through the man's brains. The last named official indeed seems to have been admirably cut out for the desperate task which he was called on to execute; for while the first mate fired over the heads of the men, the second mate was heard to declare his annoyance at this, and added that if his own revolver had gone off he would have shot down every one of the crew—an expression of regret which he deliberately communicated to the pilot. With a gentleman of such bloodthirsty propensities in authority over the men, it will excite little surprise to hear that of the sixteen who were placed before the magistrates on this charge of mutiny, every one of them bore some bruise or horrid gash on their persons.

Surely there is enough in this and similar disgusting exhibitions to justify very prompt action on the part of the magistrates or the Board of Trade. The shipping-master, who acts under the authority of the last named body, represented by the local branch at the Sailors' Home, denies, both by counsel at the Birkenhead Police Court and through a cotemporary, that he resorted to any unfair means; that the crew shipped for Mobile; and that the entrapping of the unfortunate men for the East Indies was the fault, as declared in evidence, of the second mate. We give him the benefit of his statement. At all events, the occurrence must awaken the vigilance of the authorities here, and if, as we have said, the law is not imperative for prompt and severe punishment, measures must be taken to remedy the laxity. In short, this shipping of free coloured men to the Southern States of the Union is nothing more nor less than the revival of the slave trade on a small case, and the arm of the law ought to be laid with heaviness on every person engaged, openly or covertly, in so nefarious a transaction. Public opinion in England is so sensitive on this point that the Legislature will concede the extremest measures to put down the evil; but if the law, already stringent enough, is not enforced, why, the more discredit to those who neglect their duty.

All the crew, with the exception of one, who was proved to have inflicted injuries on the first mate, were discharged from confinement. Merciful justice! Fifteen men entrapped into this nefarious fraud, maimed and bruised in the act of self-defence, are generously suffered to walk forth from their prison, without compensation or the means of procuring redress! The captain, unconscious, apparently, of the deep moral and legal crime of which he had been guilty, pressed for the committal of the prisoners—an act of cool impertinence which surely deserved a stern reprimand from the bench. Happily, the prisoners were not quite friendless, for Mr. Snowball, who appeared for the ill-treated blacks, stated that he represented a well-known Liverpool philanthropist; and we hope that this excellent man, whoever he may be, will carry his benevolent interference a little further, and call the attention of the higher authorities to disgraceful scenes of this kind, which are increasing, and must, in justice to the character of the country, be peremptorily put down.

We add with satisfaction that the brutal conduct of Campbell, the second mate, is likely to meet its reward, he having been remanded by the magistrates on a charge of shooting one of the crew, James Christie; while the chief mate (Furber), when he recovers from his injuries, will also be taken into custody for the free use of fire-arms against the crew. In the meantime, the James L. Bogart has gone to sea, under the command of Captain Conway, most likely the grossest offender.

It is asserted in well-informed quarters that there is a systematic traffic carried on in this port by some of the American captains, who hire black seamen under false pretences, and then sell them as slaves in the Southern States of the Union. The indignation evoked by what has transpired on board the James L. Bogart will, we hope, crush this infamy in all future time.

SUPERLATIVE FOLLY.

THERE is no fool like your slaveholding fool; there is no maniac like your slaveholding maniac, who makes espionage ridiculous and prevention a farce. *The Tribune*, being in the habit of advertising its business (as other concerns advertise *their* business), found it proper to state its terms, and other particulars of its publication, on a fly-leaf of *The American Almanac* for 1857—a journal printed yearly in Boston, the astronomical matter of which is regarded as valuable, while in the departments of statistics, events and other information, it has been held as authoritative. Some copies of this *American Almanac* have found their way to Mobile, and one of them was given (of course he did not buy it) to the person who conducts *The Mobile Register*. This gentleman looks it over. His eye glances with peculiar joy at the astronomical tables. He finds nothing to offend him in the general matter of *The Almanac*. He is about to close it, and about to write the sweetest puff in life about it, when, daintily handling the leaves, he discovers an advertisement of *The Tribune!* His mind is at once made up. "This *Almanac*," he says to the people of Mobile, "is a remarkably clever Alman

debt is paid up which I owe the State—*this I can do*, and the moment I fail I am willing to go to prison. This debt would have been paid years since, if it had not been for my brother Henry squandering funds which I placed in his hands, and intended for the State. This I will satisfy you of when I see you, which I shall do, if you write me a letter pledging me your *honour* that I shall not be molested as long as I comply with my agreement. You will find by the enclosed newspaper slips that I do not write this from any fear; a few days ago the Courts of the County declared me free, and not liable to be molested so long as I remained in Canada.

"For years I conducted one of the most respectable papers in Canada, and, as you will perceive on the first page, I was sole editor, and, by the extracts which I send, *you will find I always fought manfully for the South.* You cannot know the courage this required, unless you lived here, in this refuge of runaway negroes and Abolitionists. *You have no idea how much good it has done; extracts from my paper have gone all over the Union and to England.*

"Please write me a letter, directed to me in the name I bear here. RICHARD M. HOUSE.

"Simcoe, Norfolk County, Canada West."

The Governor, in his reply to the repentant defaulter, does not regard the proposition so favourably as Mr. Graves might wish, and, in submitting the matter to the Legislature, offers no suggestions as the propriety of allowing him to return. On one point, however, he bears testimony to Mr. Graves's veracity and industry, which may be better illustrated by quoting the Governor's words:

"The paper referred to by Graves, as edited by him in Canada, under the name of House, accompanying his letter to me, with various extracts from other numbers of it, is in my possession, and sustains him in the fact, as stated by him, of having, in his exile, vindicated Southern institutions."

Mr. Graves's slavery propagandism is doubtless to be regarded as a mitigating circumstance before the jury of the Legislature; and that due importance will be attached to it, and due credit allowed, is evident from the fact that the Governor notices it in this manner. It is difficult to understand what his defence of Southern institutions has to do with the discharge of his indebtedness to the State of Mississippi, or how it is going to redeem his character as an honest man. One would suppose that it should aggravate the offence—it is bad enough to rob a treasury, but to descend from that to editing a newspaper in defence of slavery is really making the matter worse. It would be a curious subject of inquiry—suggested indeed by the developments in the present case—to ascertain whether, as a general thing, the editors of the pro-slavery papers in the North have antecedents or qualifications similar to those of Mr. Graves.—*Evening Post.*

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21, 1857.

THE long secret sessions of the Senate on the Dallas treaty are by no means devoted to dry discussion. They are of the most interesting character. The substance of the case before the Senate is this: Mr. Dallas was instructed to approach the British Government, and ask it to make a treaty explanatory of the Clayton and Bulwer Convention. Lord Palmerston replied that they thought that convention was plain enough now, but he did not want to be difficult; and if the United States were dissatisfied and had any propositions to make, he would hear them. If Uncle Sam would only tell him what he wanted, he would try and gratify him. Mr. Marcy instructed Mr. Dallas to name the Mosquito question and the Bay Islands. "Well," replies Lord Palmerston, "what of the former? We are as desirous to get out of that scrape as you are to have us out. But how to do it is the question. The poor devils have a claim on us that we cannot shake off honourably. But we have agreed not to colonize, or fortify, or exercise dominion there, and what can this miserable little protectorate be to you any way?" "Oh," says Mr. Dallas, "we are afraid some Englishmen may go and settle there." "Well," admits Lord Palmerston, "this would be shocking. But Yankees may do the same—and may do it as quick as they like. We will just put ourselves even with you there." "But," responds Mr. Marcy, through Mr. Dallas, "the boundaries of that Mosquito coast are indefinite." "I am sorry for that," says the British negotiator. "But this is a matter that touches Honduras, and we must consult her about that. But anything to stop your growling, we will fix it as you say. Now, what else?" "Well," says our bushy-headed Embassador, "there are the Bay Islands." "Very well; we do not care three skips of a louse about the Bay Islands. We will give them to the d—l, or to Honduras, just as you say. Which shall it be?" "To Honduras," says the meek Mr. Dallas. "To Honduras it is," says Lord Palmerston. "Is there anything else that lies heavy on your mind about this eternal Central American business?" To which inquiry, President Pierce, through Mr. Marcy, and Mr. Marcy, through Mr. Dallas, replies: "Nothing at all, my Lord, that I think of." Then asks Palmerston, "You are satisfied, are you?" "Well, may it please your lordship, we believe that this fixes the whole thing up, and that we have nothing more to ask," answers our Embassador. "Then I am rejoiced," responded Lord Palmerston. "Now send the treaty over and have it ratified, and let us have a final end to this whole business."

Such is the substance of a long correspondence before the Senate between this and the British Government in regard to this treaty. The correspondence fully shows that it was dictated to Mr. Dallas, piece by piece, from the State Department, and was reluctantly acceded to by the British Government, but without objection, because that power was willing to promote the offices of good neighbourhood and satisfy every wish of the United States in the premises.

It is the awkwardness of the case that gives rise to the prolonged debate, and this arises from the pertinent fact here set forth, that the treaty is a bantling of our Administration, a dictation of our own Executive Government; and that, after England has reluctantly acceded to its terms, we stand in the shilly-shallying position of objecting to ratify it. One of the points of fillibustering against it we have already referred to—that of applying the Wilmot Proviso to the Bay Islands.

The discussion has been fruitful of political situations. Part of the South has been indignant and warlike, and desirous of being held by the coat-tail. This favour having been denied by Northern Senators, and the benefits of a foreign war on our manufacturing interests, and its probable local disasters in Southern latitudes, having been quietly suggested, the truculent heroes of the plantation have taken to roaring as gently as sucking doves.

Mr. Cass has again made a distinguished exhibition of his rotatory powers. He now declares that it is a great mistake to suppose he is a war man. It is no such thing. He is for peace. He protests that this difficulty with England can be settled and must be settled. War is not inevitable. It need not take place. It must not take place. It shall not take place. He at once conjugates: I am for peace, you are for peace, we are for peace, the slaveholders are for peace. Who wants war? George Sanders and the fillibusters. Robert J. Walker and the incertitudes generally. But R. J. is not in. I myself am Secretary of State; and however truculent I might have been while Gen. Jackson lived, I am peaceable now. Gentlemen, we can't fight. Gentlemen, we must n't fight. The friends of the peculiar institution say No. And I know when they say No that you know and we all know that it means No. No, gentlemen, we shall have no war. The slaveholders object, the Administration will object, I object. We are all a bundle of George W. Joneses together, and "object."

Give the devil and the new Administration and Gen. Cass their due. They are conservative on the question of war with any first-class power. They will not have it, for the slaveholders dare not. As to the promotion of the interests of slavery itself, they are cut and dried for all rank and radical measures. No war, but plenty of slavery. Gentlemen, proceed! J. S. P.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN.

WE are in possession of a characteristic anecdote of the United States Senator elect, the facts of which transpired in 1848, during the hopeless run of Gen. Cass for the Presidency. At the commencement of the recent Senatorial contest at Lansing, a somewhat officious partisan of another candidate asked our well-known friend, Col. Gorham, of Marshall, "Why do you, an old Democrat, support Mr. Chandler for the United States Senate?"

"I have no objections to give you my reasons," responded the Colonel.

"You will remember," said he, "that in 1848 a company of fugitive slaves were arrested in Marshall, and, although I had no connection whatever with their escape, I was made a party to the suit. Shortly after the suit had been brought, I had occasion to visit Detroit. While there, I was met by some of the principal men of my party, I being at that time, as I have been ever since, a radical Democrat. These gentlemen expressed sympathy for me, but, said they, 'you must be convicted in this case. It is absolutely necessary, in view of the position of Gen. Cass, to convince our Southern friends that we intend to enforce, in good faith, the Fugitive Slave law.' In short, I was to be made a martyr at the expense of the success of Gen. Cass.

"After leaving my disinterested party friends, I met Mr. Chandler in the street. At that time I was but slightly acquainted with him, but he accosted me cordially, and said, 'Gorham, I see you are involved in this slave case at Marshall. You must fight it to the last; and if you have not the money to go through properly, there are men who will stand by you. Here is a hundred dollars, which will do something, and he handed me that amount. But not content with this, he started on a collecting tour, and in the course of the day placed in my hands nine hundred dollars to be used in defending the suit."

"That, gentlemen," said Col. Gorham, addressing himself to the crowd which had by this time assembled, for the conversation took place in one of the most public rooms of the Lansing House, "is one of the reasons why I support Z. Chandler for the United States Senate."—*Detroit Tribune.*

NORTH AND SOUTH—A SLIGHT CONTRAST.

[The following correspondence, it will be seen, relates to the case reported in THE STANDARD of Feb. 14.]

EDENTON, N. C., Saturday, Dec. 14, 1856.

WM. H. SEWARD, ESQ.—*Sir:* The object of this letter is to inform you that a black man, or negro, calling himself Anthony Adams, hailing from Port Jervis, New York, has been in jail here since the 20th of June, at an expense of thirty cents per day, and will be sold, if his identity cannot be established by some respectable white person. His friends have been informed of his whereabouts, and that he certainly will be sold for his jail fees if some one who knows him does not come on and release him. He appears to be a quiet man.

His offence is that he came to *reside* in the State. Our laws will not allow Northern free negroes to settle among us.

It is a burning shame that the citizens of Port Jervis should allow a citizen to remain in jail simply because they are too penurious to come on and recognise him, and a damnable shame that the great State of New York, after shrieking for negro freedom—voting for Fremont and free negroes—should abandon one of her citizens. You being at the head of your Republican party—a man of sense and cunning—is reason why I address you. If you *will* not help your friend, you must call on your friend Horace Greeley. Had it not been for Col. R. T. Paine, who is in the House of Representatives, the negro would have been sold long since. Call on Col. Paine for information.

Yours, &c., FRED. L. ROBERTS.

To this letter Mr. Seward replied as follows:

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1856.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 14th instant, informing me "that a black man, calling himself Anthony Adams, hailing from Port Jervis, New York, has been in jail since the 20th of June last, at an expense of thirty cents per day, and will be sold if his identity cannot be established by some respectable white person—that his friends have been informed of his whereabouts, and that he certainly will be sold for his jail fees if some one who knows him does not come on and release him," has just been received.

The subject is entirely new to me, and I thank you, very sincerely, for the information.

I have at once written to a discreet person at Port Jervis, requesting that an agent, qualified by the necessary personal acquaintance with the person, may go to your place and effect the release.

Meantime, I beg you to do me the favour to obtain a statement of the jail fees and other expenses required for his liberation, and to draw on me, at sight, at this place, for the amount, and I will pay the same on sight of your draft, so that the danger which may result from delay at Port Jervis may be avoided.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Frederick L. Roberts, Esq., Edenton, N. C.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1857.

BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE late alarm of insurrection among the slaves, mostly false and generated in the cowardly fears of conscious guiltiness, puts us naturally upon thoughts of a veritable insurrection, such as now sensible people look forward to, as the final denouement of American slavery. The slaveholders have, after duly consulting upon the great problem, decided that the chattelization of the African race in this country shall be perpetual. They are, however, but a single party to this sentiment, and their order of events is liable to be disturbed by the determination in the premises of other parties.

Slavery may come to an end by emancipation, abolition or insurrection. If the slaveholders themselves abandon it, it is *emancipation*. If the non-slaveholders, by moral sentiment, by religious influence, by political action, all ultimately expressing themselves in law, put an end to it, it is *abolition*. If the slaves themselves refuse to be any longer slaves, it is *insurrection*. After waiting since the institution of the government about forty years for the slaveholders themselves, prompted by feelings of Christian humanity, or a sense of political justice, or a wise economy, to form and execute some general scheme of *emancipation*, and finding that nothing of the kind was to be expected—that avarice and love of power, two of the strongest passions of human nature, had combined to make the practice of enslaving men perpetual—Mr. Garrison and his compeers appealed to the community of non-slaveholders, and initiated that series of measures designed to persuade or coerce the slaveholders, through influences accumulated from the outside. This has been, with perfect strictness of speech, called *Abolitionism* and its advocates *Abolitionists*. It proposes, by a power paramount to, and in spite of, master and slave, to put a period to the relation of servitude—to say to the former, you shall no longer enslave; and to the latter, you need be no longer a slave.

The objection to abolitionism thus far has ever been its impertinence. "What is this to you?" says the slaveholder; "you are too remote from this subject to understand the right of the master or the sufferings of the slave. Whatever I might do from my own impulses to ameliorate or discontinue this practice, I will not even consider it at your dictation." The great obstacle to the success of abolitionism has sprung from precisely the same condition of remoteness. It has filled the land with its indignation and denunciation. It has generated a public sentiment, which, if it cannot abolish slavery, will inevitably and before long disconnect it from a free government and a civilized society. If it does not cure the gangrened limb, it will cut it off, and prevent the whole body from being infected. But it cannot reach the wrong-doer or the victim; it cannot step a foot upon the plantation, where the black man is fainting under the bloody lash. A generation of slaves have been worked up since it began its heroic and Herculean task. Under its dictation the incensed and desperate slaveholders have affirmed more emphatically than ever before their final determination not to *emancipate*. Abolitionism, strange as it may sound, is conciliatory, moderate, eminently conservative. It is suasive and not violent, moral and sentimental rather than practical and direct. Meantime, what says the slave? Hitherto, most doggedly and brutishly, that *he consents to be a slave*. Slavery is a most unpromising school to develop manhood and virtue. But germs of a noble nature have here and there appeared in the prison-house of bondage—men great enough to effect their own deliverance, like Brown, Clark, Crafts and others. By and by there will come a man of still larger pattern than these. His own deliverance will be the last thing he will think of; emancipation that did not involve his race the last boon he would accept. Let the slave-breeder carefully scan the features of every new-born baby on his plantation: some day he will see the Moses of these modern Hebrews. Some Haley will buy him, and never know that the thousand dollars he sold him for was not a millionth of his worth.

What are we hoping for, seeking for most for this African people? Nay, what are they, the very best of them, seeking for themselves? Is it not that they may get into such a social position, that they shall sink all the distinctive character of their race and be absorbed in ours? A successful insurrection will ennoble the whole race. It is not slavery that degrades the African—it is *the endurance of slavery*. To put an end to slavery by emancipation or abolition will not materially elevate the character of the race. The stigma of having been slaves until they were freed by a race superior to themselves will remain as the permanent confession of their place in the social scale. The result will be that the ambitious among them will be the most ashamed of their complexion, their peculiar characteristics, everything that pertains to their type, and will try assiduously to hide and lose themselves in the habitudes and accomplishments of the whites.

But let the slaves assert and make good their determination not to be slaves any longer, and the whole world accords to such heroism its place in human esteem. Ever after the day that finds the slave population in arms against their masters it will be no disgrace to be black. History has no instance of a people attaining a commanding influence who did not win it by their own self-denial and heroism. It is the consciousness of a great achievement that will efface forever from the memory of the African the stamp of degradation There never lay in the pathway of a people a more fearful and perilous venture, but there never was a people whose soft and lethargic nature needed a more powerful stimulant to fit them to fill with dignity an honourable function in society.

It is a very safe thing, sometimes even a heroic thing, for a slave to run away and free himself, but, among a people counting by millions, it is not at all improbable that, in the course of generations, may appear a veritable Dred—a man with less scripture and more sense, with more energy and less sentiment, who will consider it altogether cowardly to run away, who will loathe the idea of aping the oratory, and gestures, and style of character of his oppressors, and will bethink him what his own black African nature is capable of, and what the Almighty intended in creating such a type. This man will stir his dark intellect with this practical problem, how to inject into the imbruted minds of his people and kindred so much of the fire of his own heart as shall make four millions of them an overmatch for seven millions of their enemies. He will be greater still if he can teach them in their newly-discovered strength to be humane, and if his power over them is such that he can compel them not to betray their enterprise and strengthen their foes by cruelty, and win the sympathy of the world to complete the discomfiture of their oppressors, by holding a simply defensive position, until their demand for freedom has been fully accorded and secured. That there are fortresses in the centre of the South, where the proclamation of a determination not to be slaves could be made good against any number of invaders, there can be no doubt, and that a wise and heroic leader could subsist and defend his confederate hosts in such a position, until a treaty of disarming and emancipation was secured, is equally certain. The South will punish cruelly every movement among the slaves which their guilty terrors imagine to be the beginning of this great insurrection which they expect, but these are only forerunners and false steps. The real insurrection will escape punishment. May its mercy be measured by its impunity.

Since abolitionism seems tending, confessedly, and in many quarters designedly, towards a Dissolution of the Union, is it premature to consider the remaining agency that may, before many years, rid the world of the fearful crime and curse of slavery?

PRO-SLAVERY COMMENTARY ON SCRIPTURE.

THE Washington *Union* asks

"Who are those neighbours we are commanded to love as ourselves? Is it those who partake in our blood and lineage, in whose welfare and prosperity we are joint partners, who equally contribute their treasure to the support and their blood to the defence of the State, and who are in the daily exchange of benefits with us? Or is it the African slave, who is not our neighbour in any one sense of the word as applied to the great commandment?"

Verily, the doctrine of the resurrection is true, and that of metempsychosis also. Here we have, raised from the dead, and appearing again on earth in a more degraded form, the very man who, more than eighteen hundred years ago, put the question to Jesus—"And who is my neighbour?" He retains the same characteristics as formerly, of being "willing to justify himself," but not able, and also shows the same disposition as of old to "tempt" men, by transparently false pretences and absurd questions, to acquiescence in the popular vice which gives him subsistence and respectability.

He appears, we have said, in a more degraded form. This is saying a great deal, since he was, in the New Testament history, a Jewish Doctor of Laws; equivalent to our Doctor of Divinity. But this fact is conclusive of the point; the Jewish lawyer, corrupt and perverse as he was, could not withstand that parable of the Good Samaritan: he yielded to that divine influence, truth expressed in the form of beauty and quickened by the power of love, and himself gave the answer to his own question, freely testifying that the *neighbour* to the oppressed and suffering is "he that shows mercy on him."

Now he again asks the old question—Who is my neighbour? He has forgotten all about the Good Samaritan. Formerly an associate of the Priest and the Levite, who passed by, and have ever since been passing by, on the other side, he has now joined the thieves, and, with one hand around the throat and the other in the pocket of his victim, he asks again, with impudent defiance—Who is my neighbour? The last state of that man is worse than the first!

But we have not yet told the full extent of his impudence and falsehood. So far, he has only *asked*, as if for information, as if forgetting that he himself had been compelled to give the true answer eighteen hundred years ago—Who is my neighbour? He now assumes to decide that it is *not* the African slave—by which expression he means the *American* slave. In spite of the fact that every circumstance in the condition of the slave points him out as the best type in our age of the suffering neighbour relieved by the Good Samaritan—in spite of the slave's weakness—alike in position, intellect and numerical force—in spite of his ignorance—in spite of his helpless, oppressed, wounded and bleeding state—and in spite of the aggravation of guilt resulting from the fact that every one of these disabilities is enforced and perpetuated *by himself*, the writer of the brainless and heartless paragraph we have quoted—he affirms, "the slave is *not* our neighbour in any one sense of the word as applied in the great commandment."

Even this is not all. As if to complete the circle of possible falsities, and to reverse the teaching of Jesus as to the class of persons whom we *should*, and those whom we *should not, mainly select* as the recipients of such good offices as we can render, namely—

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours, *lest they also bid thee again*, and a recompense be made thee:

"But, when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; *for they cannot recompense thee;* for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

And again, to the same purpose—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it (or not done it) unto *one of the least* of these my brethren, ye have done it (or not done it) unto me."

This falsifier at once of Scripture and humanity explains "neighbours," "in the sense of the word as applied in the great commandment," to be those "in whose welfare and prosperity we are *joint partners*, and who are in the *daily exchange of benefits with us!*"

Do not even the publicans so?

Yet it is not strange that this thing should be said and done by the editor of *The Union*, since he is himself a publican, if we may apply Southey's witticism to so serious a matter.

There is a public behind him and his paper, upon whose approbation and support, in all his efforts to confirm slavery and to obstruct liberty, he confidently and safely relies. While the Government, whose organ—hand organ—he is, and while the slaveholding public, whose profitable vice he shares and justifies, continue to uphold slavery, *he* will uphold it. And this disgraceful subserviency stamps him a publican and a sinner.

We have done with the editor of *The Union;* but we wish the particular attention of our readers to another point. How comes it that there *is* a public, of wealth, power, respectability and influence, ready to endorse such profligate and mischievous sentiments as this man constantly publishes to the world in his paper? How comes it that the whole community do not see, and rebuke, the opposition between the extract from *The Union* and the passages we have quoted from a book so commonly read—at least, heard—and so highly revered as the New Testament? The answer to this question gives the key to the great obstacles which we encounter in the campaign against slavery.

There are two great, powerful, widely extended, actively operating, mainly controlling institutions which support slavery in this country: one is the State, the other the Church.

The State does this through a National Constitution, which, adroitly avoiding the *word* slavery, confirms and perpetuates the *thing*. Its action in support of slavery is (for the most part) open, direct, impudent and venal.

The support given by the Church to slavery is partly direct and partly circuitous, both modes, however, being equally effective, and both making parts of a homogeneous whole.

The direct support of slavery by the Church is given, *generally*, by the thousands of clergymen and the hundreds of thousands of church-members who hold slaves, and declare that slavery is right; but it is given more particularly and effectively by those clergymen who in sermons, addresses, letters and South-side views, publish elaborate defences of that form of oppression, and represent it as approved by God and accordant with Christianity. These last furnish a bulwark behind which the profligate or the worldly can safely entrench themselves. In fact, as far as slavery is concerned, worldliness and other-worldliness are very much the same. The worldling buys, sells and breeds slaves, as a matter of business, and with his face bearing its customary expression; and if you ask him why he does these things, he promptly answers "Profit." The churchling equally buys, sells and breeds slaves, but *he* does it with the corners of his mouth turned *down* (don't you see the difference?); and if you ask him why he does such things, he *solemnly* answers—"Abraham!"

But when the worldling is asked the above question by such a person, or under such circumstances, as make him ashamed to answer merely "Profit," and to confess himself guilty of the unspeakable meanness of tyrannizing over the weak *merely* because they are weak and he is strong, if he is not disposed to put the admonition to its proper use by repentance and reformation, he takes the only third course possible: he too draws down the corners of his mouth, and says, "Abraham." He does not say it with a very good grace, and the expression of his face in saying it is sneaking rather than solemn; but he says it, and sticks to it; and whatever his opponent may say from that time forth, he promptly answers—"Abraham." This word serves him for every emergency, like "Pax vobiscum" to the monk, or "Presto, change," to the juggler.

Now here the clerical defender of slavery is the worldling's friend in need. This talismanic word "Abraham" would have no pro-slavery force at all, would merely move derision by its absurd insufficiency for the purpose intended, if the minister had not said it first; the minister has preached it, and printed it, and exemplified it by marrying a slave plantation, and made a speech in the General Assembly or the Conference respecting it, and published a book about it, and now stands ready, with his most solemn face, to meet the man who disputes it and—call him an infidel. All that the worldling has to do thenceforth is to transfer the burden of proof from himself to his reverend friend, and intersperse praises of *his* piety, and zeal, and power in the pulpit, and solemnity in the prayer-meeting, and success in getting up revivals, with his own invocations of Abraham, as long as the opponent's patience lasts. In short, the saint's public defence of the sinner's course of life enables the latter to stand impudently upright and maintain his ground, when otherwise he must have fled, abashed, before the face of truth. This is the Church's *direct* support of slavery.

Its indirect, but not less essential and effective support, given by many Northern clergymen in speeches, sermons and newspaper articles, but given by the whole clerical body of the North in their ecclesiastical relations with brother ministers, and sister churches, and kindred sects at the South, and given (in the mode last mentioned) just as really by those who talk, preach and pray against slavery as by others, just as really by Cheever and the Beechers as by Blagden and South-side Adams, is the acknowledgment that Christians may be slaveholders, and that slaveholders are Christians. As long as this acknowledgment is made, slavery will have an efficient support in the Church, and the Church will remain under its present fearful responsibility for slavery.

THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

ALBANY, Feb. 23, 1857.

ON Saturday morning, after an agreeable night spent in a room without a window, with a bar-room on one side, and with a billiard-room on the other, whence came the gentle lullaby of clicking balls and clinking glasses, far into the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal'"—on Saturday morning—to begin again after so long a parenthesis—I sallied out in search of the Anti-Slavery Convention, which, as our readers know who read the advertisements, was to be held in Albany on that and the following day. It was indeed to have commenced the day before, and had, I had no doubt, been true to its appointment, though detentions by Rail and Flood had prevented my arrival the previous evening in season to look for it. So I was in search of it now.

As I went up State street, and then down again, before I found Association Hall, and when I did find it had only the poor satisfaction of shaking with some impatience the handle of a locked door, I thought, as I bent my slow steps down again to the streets, of him who ascended another "Capitoline Hill" to look only upon the magnificent ruins of Imperial Rome. I wish, thought I, that I could find on this Capitoline Hill even the wreck of what I came to see in Imperial Albany. The place, I sadly reflected, is worse than I thought. When does the down train go?

But the sober second thought came presently, and I turned into the nearest apothecary's to look at a Directory. "Lydia Mott, No. [something] Maiden Lane," I knew to be an Anti-Slavery Convention in perpetual session—an Albany Institution known to all Abolitionists—and I stood presently on her door-step. I commended my own forethought when I found within the swarthy Pillsbury, the man who carries our sledge-hammer, and also uses it to the utter annihilation of all sorts of metal, both hard and soft; and then laughed at my own stupidity when told that I found no Convention because half an hour before the time, though I was glad that, for once in my life, *I* had been too early. In a few minutes more I was in the familiar position of a seat in front of a pine-wood rostrum, locking into the eyes of an anti-slavery orator, and—to make it all the more familiar—by the side of Charles F. Hovey, of Boston.

The hall we were in was a cheerful and pleasant one, ornamented at its upper end by an immense picture of a sea-fight, where splintered hulls and shivered spars, and torn canvas were enveloped in the thick smoke of a desperate battle. I do not suppose it was put there for this special occasion by Miss Mott or anybody else, as it is as large as the side of a small house, and not a thing that one would like to move except upon compulsion. But that smoke that never rolled away, those sails that are never mended, those flags that are never struck, and never even droop, and those battered ships that never haul off for repairs, and never cease to blaze away at those obstinate vessels on the other side which will never run, were all very significant and very emblematical, it struck me, of the cause we were met there to advocate. It may have been, for aught I know, a picture of that very battle in which Paul Jones, when his vessel was hulled through and through, her rigging in strings, her spars in splinters, her canvas in rags, half her guns silenced, most of her men either dead or dying around him, and his English opponent asked him if he were ready to strike, answered—"No! he had n't begun to fight yet!" If it was, it still met our case. We are blazing away as perpetually as those painted ships, and in the spirit of Jones's desperate humour. Is the artist born yet who will stretch his canvas for a picture of "After the Battle"?

It was rather a come-down, however, from the heroic to turn to the audience. There were broadsides enough, but there was next to nothing to hit. Our ships of the line could find nothing but cock-boats to fire at. The enemy at Albany, as it does everywhere else, now-a-days, keeps its fleet in the offing, and puts it before the wind when the flag we carry appears above the horizon. To drop the figure, the benches were almost empty.

However, this was only at the commencement. A respectable audience soon began to gather, even in the morning; in the afternoon it was better; and in the evening the hall was well-filled—better filled than I expected, or dared hope to see it; though very far from what it should be. All Albany ought to have turned out to hear such men as Phillips, and Pillsbury, and Remond, and Garrison. Her people should have come by thousands, and they only came by hundreds. But hundreds were encouraging, when we remembered that Albany has never been a place noted for its radical Abolitionists. Half of them died when we lost Julius R. Ames and Abby Mott. The other moiety—Lydia Mott, and William H. Topp, the latter as Chairman—were in constant attendance at these meetings, and we were cheered by the presence of some others equally faithful from a few other places. We had no right to complain then or be discouraged at the numbers of an audience comparatively small as to the whole people, but comparatively immense as to the fraction which we claimed in it as identified with the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Albany is full just now of legislators, and the people whom a legislative body attracts around it. As we have just now a Republican Governor and a Republican Legislature, this may be thought to have added to our numbers. Perhaps it did to the number of a dozen or so, but probably not more. It is a wise child that knows its own father, and the proverb loses none of its force as applied to the Republican party. At least if it has the wisdom to know, it has not the filial piety to reverence its parent. The Legislature, it is true, had adjourned for three days in honour of the birth-day of one of the earliest Emancipationists; and many of its members, probably, had left town that they might, in the undisturbed serenity of their own homes, reflect upon his virtues, and model their own characters upon his example. But there was a good many left, as the rustling crinoline and the creaking patent-leathers gave evidence, the evening before, in the passages and lobby of the hotel, where there was hurrying to and fro to attend the levee of the Governor. It was clear, however, that there was no attraction for them in an Anti-Slavery Convention. Their organ, the *Evening Journal*, did not so much as notice that such a Convention was in session. It was, no doubt, simply afraid to do so. The great anxiety of the party, now that the pressure of a general election is removed, seems to be to advertise that their shop, where they sell their goods so cheap, has no connection with the other establishment over the way. It is a pity they should n't apply for a certificate. We could promise them editorially and officially that it should be granted in due form, and it might be appended as a *Nota Bene* to the next authorized edition of their platform. The only papers, I believe, that did notice the Convention were the *Transcript*, which treated it decently, and the *Chronicle*, which, being a Know-Nothing paper, had probably nothing to gain or lose by it, and wanted something wherewith to fill its columns, and which looks upon Abolitionists as New Yorkers do upon New Jersey, as not belonging to the United States.

There was one class of persons, however, who did attend, and were noticeable for their numbers. It is the best test that could be given of the faithful Christian ministration of the Rev. Mr. Mayo that the people of his charge both desired and dared on a week-day to remember some other commandment than that "Thou shalt make money," and to hear on Sunday the Gospel preached from a Platform instead of a Pulpit. Mr. Pillsbury, in one of his speeches, when speaking of the popular religion in that vein of keen, but quiet, irony for which he is unequalled, remarked that, in times of revival, the showers of Divine Grace will descend upon a single church for weeks together, while all the other churches of the place could never catch a drop of it. To judge from the fruitfulness of the field of Mr. Mayo, it may be supposed that it is never a dry time with it.

This Convention was the last of the series which has been recently held in this State, and seems to have been an appropriate and satisfactory conclusion. Not having been at any of the others, of course I cannot speak of them; but if they have been as useful and as spirited as this, the agents have certainly good reason to be satisfied with their work. In spite of coldness and apathy, in spite of opposition and prejudice, and in spite of the pro-slavery reaction which a political campaign, when anti-slavery is preached only "to split the ears of the groundlings," is sure to leave behind it, these Conventions, if one may judge by this at Albany, are certain to have made a permanent and wholesome impression. The work is slow, but it is sure. God does not permit serious and earnest lives to be lived for nothing. Good seed scattered broadcast, though it may fall sometimes upon rocky ground, and sometimes upon soil that is sandy and barren, is sure to find here and there fertile spots into which its roots will penetrate, where the sun will warm it, and the rain nourish it, and where it will spring up and bear fruit a thousand fold. It is trying to the sturdiest faith to reflect that in a city of many thousands but a few hundreds only can be brought to listen to such teachings as were poured out for them at Albany; that Phillips, with an eloquence which captivates the dullest, and a tone and bearing that ensures him honour even from his enemies; that Pillsbury, with a wit that pierces like a rapier, and a force of denunciation that crushes like a battle-axe; that Garrison, with a logic as unanswerable as the multiplication table, and a strength of moral conviction as overwhelming as the Table of the Law; that Remond, who appeals to and commands every generous sentiment of the human heart in behalf of an oppressed people, and forces prejudice to hide its head in shame at his indignant and bold rebuke; that Powell, filled with the earnest zeal and hope of youth; that women like Susan Anthony and Sarah Remond, with a devotion that braves public opinion, and forgets the ease and comfort of quiet homes which women are taught to chiefly value; that all these are poured out in full measure before a heedless people who will not turn aside from their daily and weary way either to listen or to learn. Nevertheless, nothing is wasted, and in good time comes the harvest.

So the Albany Convention was a good one as Conventions go, and we have no doubt the Abolitionists there are increased in numbers by several hundred *per cent.* Our readers must accept this for an account of it, in lieu of a better, as we have no room for the official report, which the Secretary, Mr. Peckham, kindly furnished me.

S. H. G.

WAS IT TRUE OR FALSE?

IN THE STANDARD of Jan. 17th appeared a letter signed "John Kingsley," dated at Portsmouth, Ohio, the 7th of that month, and giving an account of a scene of barbarous cruelty, which the writer said he had witnessed the week before in Carter Co., Ky. The story was, in brief, that the slaves of Wm. McMinnis, an extensive farmer of that County, were suspected of being engaged in a conspiracy to rise and murder the white people; that the slaves were thereupon arrested and tried by a mock court; that one negro (in order to extort a confession) was stripped and flogged, receiving 200 lashes on the bare back, and afterwards burned to death! The writer confessed himself entirely unacquainted with us, and we had no knowledge of any person bearing the name of John Kingsley; but there was nothing in the character of the communication to excite suspicion of its genuineness, and, coming as it did at the very time when the whole South seemed to be agitated by fears of insurrection, and when many well authenticated reports of cruelties similar to those it related were reaching us from other quarters, we did not hesitate to give it publication. The *Ashland Kentuckian*, however (one of the few Southern papers which dares to exchange with us), published in Greenup, the County immediately adjoining Carter, in its issue of the 17th inst., contains the following rather furious contradiction of the story, to which it seems right that we should give place.

CARTER COUNTY LIBELLED.—An Abolition scoundrel, who signs himself John Kingsley, and who addresses the editor of the New York ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, under date of "Portsmouth, Ohio, Jan. 7, 1857," has been hoaxing the editor of that journal with a lying statement at the expense of the good citizens of Carter, which is evidently cut out of whole cloth. To refute the statements of this nefarious scoundrel, whose lying document is published in another portion of this paper, it is only necessary to inform the editor of THE STANDARD and his misled readers that, after diligent inquiry, we have learned of citizens of Carter County that they know of no such man in the County as Wm. McMinnis; that there are no extensive farmers in the County who own negroes; and that in the whole County there are not negroes enough to stock an "extensive" Southern farm! Talk of insurrection in Carter County! what fudge! when there are but 300 slaves, men, women and children, in that County, with a voting population of near fifteen hundred!

We venture to assert not only that no such scene as is described ever occurred in Carter, but that no such scene ever could occur there; for Carter, although a border County, is peopled by moral, intelligent and law-abiding citizens, who have an abiding hatred of all forms of tyranny and oppression; and who would not permit even the owner of a slave to punish him unreasonably or expose his body to the devouring flames. This fact has been proven in more than one instance, by the law having been brought to bear upon brutal masters (of whom there are, no doubt, more or less in every slave community), compelling them to do their duty to their slaves.

It is but a few days since we had to record the hanging of a negro in Ohio by a mob which rescued him from the hands of the law; perhaps this is the basis of this notorious libel upon the good citizens of Carter; the lying author, ignorant of the slave statistics of Carter, having located the scene and manufactured the facts of the alleged outrage to suit the Northern Abolition market.

We hope that the editor of THE STANDARD will do the people of Carter the simple justice to refute this slander in as public and explicit a manner as he has given it publicity; even for the sake of his own cause he should do it, for it is by this abominable system of slander, and outside pressure upon our peculiar Institution (not too popular in this region of Kentucky), that Kentuckians are driven back upon their reserved rights, and forced to stand in defence of an institution which their sober second thought tells them is a great evil to the white race in Kentucky, and which would speedily die out in this region of the State if mock philanthropists and lying, thieving Abolitionists would only let us alone, to manage our own internal affairs.

In conclusion, we would advise Mr. Kingsley, if that be his true name, to keep out of the range of Carter County; for, peaceable, good citizens as they are generally reputed to be, we have our doubts whether, if he should again visit that region, after having thus foully slandered the citizens thereof, the b'hoys of Carter would allow him to depart from thence without some mark of their distinguished consideration and regard. Indeed, we have heard some gents in Ashland, "ardent as a Southern sun could make them," hint that, should he cross the Ohio river at this point, nothing would afford them more pleasure than to present him with a coat admirably adapted for protection from Northern breezes—viz.: a coat of tar and feathers.

The denial of the *Kentuckian*, in connection with the fact that Carter County, which lies in the extreme north-east corner of the State, contained, according to the last census, only 257 slaves of all ages, leads us to fear that the letter of "John Kingsley" was a HOAX. The idea, however, that the fraud was perpetrated by an Abolitionist, is simply ridiculous, since a person of that faith could have no motive for getting up such a story. If the tale is false, as we fear it is, the author must be some pro-slavery swindler, who thought it would be a good joke to hoax an anti-slavery journal. Abolitionists have no inducement to manufacture such tales, since the reports of cases of cruelty which they find in the Southern journals are more than sufficient to illustrate and enforce their arguments. If the story in question is true, we shall no doubt hear again from our informant; if it is false, the author will probably chuckle at his success in the hoaxing line and claim the credit due to his exploit from his pro-slavery companions in villany, but he will take good care not to reveal himself to us.

We venture to suggest to the *Ashland Kentuckian* that it pays the citizens of Northern Kentucky a sorry compliment in affirming that they "stand in defence of an institution" which they confess to be a great evil, merely because a portion of the Northern people, agreeing with them in opinion, would fain persuade them to remove that evil from their midst. Our opinion of slaveholders is certainly not very favourable, but we have never supposed them to be the fools which this superlatively ridiculous, though oft-repeated, statement implies.

DARK PROSPECT FOR KANSAS.

To those too credulous people who have come to the conclusion that Kansas *must* finally be organized as a free State, we commend the following letter from J. S. Pike, Washington corre

☞ It is quite unnecessary to call the attention of the reader to an article on "MORAL COSMETICS," by Henry Ward Beecher, which may be found on the first page of this week's paper. The *lathering* which the one reverend gentleman gives to the other is clearly not done with any of those pleasant emollients which Mr. Beecher seems to think are always the choice of Dr. Dewey. His choice they evidently are when he is to be the subject of the operation; but he is careful to guard against a too great mildness when he is to be the operator, by a careful mixture of some subtle and deadly poison, the more dangerous because administered in a rather purring and pleasant way calculated to persuade a sleepy brother that no harm is intended him. In short, Dr. Dewey is by no means so mild and inoffensive an old gentleman as the other thinks him, and the article should be read with a reservation to that effect.

Mr. Beecher has fallen into this error, perhaps, because he agrees with the common opinion of evangelical clergymen that the Unitarian brethren, being theologically unwilling to send men to hell in the next world, are naturally reluctant to invoke a harsh judgment upon them in this. The mistake is as great as for a Unitarian to suppose that all Orthodox people are plunged into perpetual and unspeakable despair at the terrible eternity which awaits their unregenerated friends. There are certainly some of the Unitarian clergy who are not in the least disposed to usurp the divine prerogative of mercy; and, so far as the Abolitionists are concerned, Dr. Dewey is one of them. He has never publicly announced any change in his views on the question of Eternal Punishment, but we have no doubt of his sincere regret that he cannot conscientiously believe that it will overtake all of the old school of anti-slavery people.

If it were worth while, it would be easy to prove that for many years, long before he expressed a willingness to send some member of his family, either mother or brother, into slavery, Dr. Dewey exhibited a most bitter spirit whenever he touched upon the subject, and that if he has ever shown a sincere and ardent desire for anything, it has been to crush any movement for the emancipation of the slaves, and to cripple the influence of its advocates. If the writer in the *Charleston Courier* was familiar with the Doctor's previous course, he could only treat him as an ungrateful traitor.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.—Messrs. Buchanan and Breckenridge, the President and Vice-President elect, met in Philadelphia on Tuesday, and on Monday next will proceed to Washington in company with Senator Bigler. According to the latest advices, the Cabinet is likely to be composed as follows:

Secretary of State.....LEWIS CASS, of Michigan.
Secretary of the Treasury..HOWELL COBB, of Georgia.
Secretary of War.....JOHN B. FLOYD, of Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy.....AARON V. BROWN, of Tenn.
Secretary of the Interior.....JACOB THOMPSON, of Miss.
Postmaster-General.....WM. C. ALEXANDER, of N. J.
Attorney-General.....ISAAC TOUCEY, of Conn.

J. Glancy Jones was first offered the place of Postmaster-General, but as the appointment seemed likely to create a feud in the party in Pennsylvania, he was induced to decline, and Mr. Alexander (a son, we believe, of the late Rev. Dr. Alexander of Princeton) was selected for the post. Four of the seven Cabinet officers, it will be seen, are Southern men—slaveholders of course. The North, with two-thirds of the population of the country, gets three-sevenths of the Cabinet "spoils." This, of course, is not "sectional," but eminently patriotic and "national." The miserable Northern vassals of the Oligarchy must not expect to stand upon an equality with their masters, but be content to take a subordinate place at the public crib.

In point of talent, the Cabinet will be weak—much weaker, in fact, than that of President Pierce. Think, for instance, of the contrast between Marcy and Cass! the one a man of extraordinary vigour of mind and a skilful diplomatist, the other a superannuated dullard, who never yet comprehended clearly any question of morals or politics. A despatch to *The Tribune* informs us that he is putting on the airs of youth in view of his appointment to the Premiership. He has mounted a claret-coloured coat, and has suddenly discovered that he is quite too young to ride to the Capitol. He has accordingly abandoned his carriage, and walks daily to the Senate with short and brisk steps worthy of Mercury just lighted on the heaven-kissing hill.

CHRISTIANITY MADE EASY.—The late John M. Clayton, of Delaware, whose later years were consecrated to the service of the slaveholding Oligarchy, and who crucified the Son of God afresh in the persons of the slaves, left in his will the following "first-rate notice" of what passes in this country as "the Christian religion":

"I leave to my friends and relatives as well as to all others who may think my opinion of any value, this testimonial, that the religion taught in the New Testament is the best that has been offered for our adoption, both for this world and for that which is to come, and that Jesus Christ was the Messiah, and will remain forever the Redeemer and Saviour of fallen man. Let my humble testimony stand in favour of the Christian religion: I am deeply, thoroughly convinced of its truth."

The American Church, which is tremendous on "faith without works," and ever ready to pardon any amount of popular sin in those who will consent to its creed, will enter the name of Mr. Clayton, as it did those of Polk, Webster and Clay, in its calendar of saints, and the religious press will make haste to record his dying declaration among what they call the "evidences of revealed religion." This is what we call "Christianity made Easy," to suit the convenience of eminent sinners, who can't afford to lead Christian lives and yet are afraid to die without clerical absolution. Is there any essential difference in principle between the Popish practice of selling indulgences for sin and this Protestant method of dealing with men whose favour the Church finds it for her interest to court?

NICARAGUA.—The reports respecting the Fillibuster war upon Nicaragua are so fluctuating and contradictory from day to day, that it is impossible to separate what is true from what is false. To-day we are assured that Walker has achieved a grand victory; to-morrow we are told that he is hemmed in by the Costa Ricans and must soon surrender or be driven from the country. That he is an unprincipled marauder, and that his followers are for the most part a set of vagabonds and plunderers, seems clear enough. For our own part, we think it of little consequence to sift the conflicting reports, since, whatever may be the *present* prospects of the Banditti, the ultimate success of the conspiracy in which they are engaged is certain. The slaveholders know what they are about, and there's no such word as fail in their vocabulary. Walker may be killed or driven from the country, but, sooner or later, Central America will be subdued by the Satanic Power that has so long dominated over the "model Republic." Then will come another (and probably a successful) assault upon Cuba, and then the question of annexing the plundered territory to the Union, to be met by our Republican politicians with only that sort of resistance which a blind adherence to the national compact as the paramount good must ever make not merely ineffectual, but farcical.

BRITISH COLOURED SEAMEN AT NORFOLK.—The following paragraph from the Norfolk *Argus* illustrates the Virginia idea of State sovereignty as applied to British sailors. The novelist-consul, after all his efforts to win the favour of the chivalry, is made to feel that he is utterly powerless to protect the rights of his countrymen when infringed by the interests of slavery.

On Thursday last two free negroes, William Carter and John Powell, seamen on board the British bark Billow, were arrested in our city for being absent from their vessel without leave, and were ordered by the Mayor to be punished with stripes, by virtue of an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided. The punishment was commuted, with the assent of the captain of the bark, to the payment of costs of arrests and other usual charges, to which, however, her Majesty's Consul, G. P. R. James, Esq., demurred, on the ground of the negroes being British subjects, and, therefore, exempt from the punishment to which other free negroes were liable for a violation of the aforesaid Act of Assembly. Our worthy Mayor, however, maintained his authority in the matter, and gave her Majesty's representative the alternative to pay charges or submit to the punishment of the negroes, the former of which he adopted under protest. The decision of the Mayor in this case is in strict conformity with State sovereignty, the maintenance of which is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the rights of the slaveholding States.

DEATH OF DR. KANE.—Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the celebrated Arctic Explorer, died at Havana on the 16th inst., of consumption. His constitution, originally feeble, was unquestionably broken by the hardships and exposures incident to his Arctic voyage. He was much beloved by those who knew him intimately, while his energy and enthusiasm in the cause of science won the admiration of the world. He was 35 years of age. We understand that his last hours were hallowed by the presence of his mother, and that his remains are now on their way to Philadelphia.

THE NEW YORK FEMALE LEGAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association held its second Anniversary in commemoration of Judge Rockwell's decision, in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, which declared and published that coloured persons had the same rights as others in all public conveyances, on Friday evening, the 20th inst.

The meeting was called to order at about 11 o'clock. Mr. John Hunter was appointed Chairman, and Mr. Peter S. Porter Secretary.

Remarks were offered by several gentlemen, after which the following preamble and articles, setting forth the nature and object of the New York Legal Rights Association, were read:

Whereas we, having, in common with others, suffered much loss, inconvenience, and discomfort by being deprived (on account of an unjust prejudice) of the right of entering the Public Conveyances of this City, and its vicinity; and whereas we deem it our duty to protest against the said prejudice, and no longer to submit to such gross injustice without an attempt to obtain redress, have determined to form ourselves into an Association for mutual protection and assistance.

ART. I. This Society shall be entitled the Female Legal Rights Association of the City of New York, and its vicinity.

ART. II. The object of this Association shall be to obtain, by legal means, all rights in regard to "Public Conveyances," of which we are deprived, directly or indirectly, on the grounds of an alleged "Public Opinion."

ART. III. This object shall be obtained by the accumulation of a "Fund," which shall be appropriated in assisting to defray the expenses incurred in trying cases of "Rights" unlawfully denied us by the Public Conveyances.

The following petition was then presented, and all present invited to sign it:

To the Hon. the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The Petition of the undersigned, coloured persons, of the City and County of New York, respectfully sheweth,

That they are greatly aggrieved by the conduct of a portion of the said City Railroad Companies (particularly the Sixth and Eighth Avenue) and Omnibus Lines, acting through their agents, conductors and drivers, who not only deny them the right to use the cars and omnibuses, except under proscription, but eject them from most of the same, in violation of the law in relation to "Common Carriers."

Your petitioners respectfully represent, that the only plea urged for this treatment of them by these Companies and proprietors is, that "public sentiment" demands of them such a course towards us, on account of the difference of complexion existing between us and other citizens. In answer, we would call the attention of your Honourable Body to the fact that on some of the best patronized Railroads in the city (the Second and Third Avenue Roads, for instance,) we ride in common with other citizens; and further, that in the neighbouring city of Brooklyn all the Railroad cars are free to every person without respect to colour, and yet there is no manifestation in either case of an *offended* public sentiment. To show yet more plainly the little foundation there is for this treatment, your petitioners respectfully represent that, while one of the companies (the Sixth Avenue Railroad), whose conduct has been most embittered against us, has a few cars running, surmounted with the following inscription,

"COLOURED PEOPLE ALLOWED IN THIS CAR,"

these same cars are constantly used by white citizens of both sexes, in common with us, whenever their convenience requires it, and as if no such invidious proscription was set up.

We would also remind your Honourable Body that a decision has been given in favour of a coloured person (who, on account of complexion, was maltreated and ejected from one of the cars of a city railroad, and who sued the Company for the same), by the Supreme Court, in the Brooklyn Circuit, Judge Rockwell presiding; notwithstanding which, the law and our rights continue to be disregarded by most of the Railroad Companies and proprietors of Omnibuses, to our serious bodily injury, and to the loss of our time and money.

Your petitioners further represent that, being thus liable to ejectment, or made to stand on the platforms, outside of the cars, or to sit on the tops of omnibuses, even in the most inclement weather, our health and lives are constantly jeoparded, and our earnings curtailed by the loss of time incident to the difficulty of carrying on punctually our several avocations.

Being too poor as a class to carry on the many suits at law which the repeated cases of outrage against us imperatively demand, your petitioners make this appeal, and pray your Honourable Body to so define or amend the Law for "Common Carriers," by special enactment, as that no person shall be denied the use of, or be ejected from, any Railroad Car or Omnibus, except for drunkenness, contagious disease, disorderly conduct, or a refusal to pay the stated fare.

And further, that for every violation of this Statute, any Railroad Company, or Proprietor of an Omnibus Line, shall be subject to such penalty as your Honourable Body may deem sufficient, to be recovered by suit in any Court having proper jurisdiction. Said enactment to take effect immediately.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

We scarcely need say that in this effort to secure their rights in public conveyances the coloured people of New York have our heartiest concurrence and cooperation.

A PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW, similar to that existing in Massachusetts, has been enacted by the Legislature of Wisconsin. It gives power to County Courts, as well as Circuit and Supreme Courts, to grant writs of habeas corpus; makes it the duty of all district attorneys to look after the rights of persons claimed, and of all executive officers to give notice to district attorneys of such claims; directs trial by jury to be provided for persons claimed; punishes false and malicious arrests of persons as fugitive slaves with $1,000 fine; requires direct evidence of two witnesses to establish a claim, and prohibits the taking of depositions to prove claims. Another provision was adopted as an amendment to the bill, declaring that no judgment under the Fugitive Slave Act should be a lien on any real estate within the State; that all sales of real estate or personal property under this act shall be void, and giving the defendant in such execution the right of replevin or other action to recover possession of property taken under such execution. This provision was intended, no doubt, to afford relief to S. M. Booth, whose press has been seized under an execution issued by the U. S. District Court in pursuance of the judgment obtained against him for aiding the escape of Garland's slave. We may look, therefore, for a conflict between the U. S. Marshal and the State authorities whenever the former shall attempt to sell Mr. Booth's press.

CLERICAL FASTIDIOUSNESS.—How came it to pass that "the friends of civil and religious liberty," who feasted at the Astor House, on Monday evening, in honour of the memory of Washington, were not blessed by the prayer, or presence even, of a single *Christian* clergyman, the toast to the clergy being responded to by a Jewish Rabbi? The clerical fraternity of New York, with all their spiritual graces, are not generally averse to good eating, nor unwilling to take "a little wine for their stomachs' sake and their often infirmity"; and surely they are not so unpatriotic as willingly to slight the anniversary of Washington's birth-day. There must be *some* reason for so unusual an absence, and we shrewdly suspect that it is found in the fact that they were a little scrupulous about appearing in company with that traitor to freedom, Stephen Arnold Douglas, who was announced as the principal speaker of the occasion. Quite a number of the cloth, it appears, were invited, but all with one consent made excuse. Perhaps, if they had foreseen that the "little giant" wouldn't come after all, some of them might have mustered courage to attend. Where were Drs. Bethune and Spring, and others of the conservative school, that they withheld from such an occasion the incense of their sacred presence? We are really shocked at their want of zeal in the cause of "our glorious Union."

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.—The *Franklin* (N. Y.) *Visitor* announces the death of Mr. A. F. Stilson, a well-known citizen of that place, and a faithful labourer in the anti-slavery cause. The *Visitor* says:

"In the great struggle to bring to the recognition of the nation, the Church and organized humanity in general that forlornest of beings, the American slave, the labours of Mr. Stilson have been faithful and unwearied from first to last. In the trials incident to the growth of this great enterprise of humanity, and, when the weak and timid have faltered, he was a true man, with heart, and home, and purse open alike to the flying fugitive and they who have "made themselves of no reputation" for his sake. In the wild woods of Canada and in many a home of the rescued and protected bondman in the free States his name is written on the hearts of God's poor; and that is good place enough for any man's epitaph. Equally faithful, equally earnest, have been the labours of our friend to redeem the poor drunkard from his thraldom to vice, and to dry up the fountains of his woe. * * * In religious life he looked over and beyond the petty and sectarian opinions, which, founded in ignorance and bigotry, degrade the man and belie the Christian; and bent his energies rather in enforcing the mighty truths upon which human destiny hangs suspended—those truths which Christianity itself recognises as the imperishable rock of its existence—which alone can secure the whole earth for its residence and lead all men to worship at its shrines. In such a spirit Mr. Stilson lived; in such a spirit, cheered by the highest hopes which religion begets, he has passed away."

HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.—This gentleman, who, for a year and a half past, has been usefully engaged as an instructor in the Union School, at Salem, Ohio, left that place recently, *The Bugle* informs us, preparatory to entering upon the duties of his professorship (that of Modern Languages) in the New York Central College at McGrawville. *The Bugle* truthfully adds: "For the duties of this station Mr. Gilbert has superior qualifications. To long experience as an instructor he adds a critical knowledge of English literature, and, by travel and long and careful study, has become acquainted with the languages and literature of France, Germany and Italy. Mr. Gilbert is an uncompromising Abolitionist, and the readers of *The Bugle* are his debtors for numerous contributions to its columns during his residence here."

CHARLES SUMNER left Boston for Washington on Monday last. The Boston *Telegraph* says:

"Though much improved in health, he is still regarded by his physician as an invalid. He has never at any moment given up the idea of taking his seat in the Senate during the present session; and he is unwilling that Massachusetts should suffer by his absence, when important questions, in which she is interested, may be pressed for decision. He will be there to vote on the Tariff. He has engaged passage to France in the steamer Fulton, which leaves New York, March 7, and will spend the Summer in Europe. He looks to the tour (on which he will embark without returning again to Boston) for that complete restoration which, thus far, he has failed to obtain at home."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is didactic and preacheth concerning the Feast Day of St. George—He is prophetic, but treasonous—He recounteth the vicissitudes of the Feast—How it came to be set up—He singeth the glories of the Sims Brigade—He reciteth anew its victory over the bottle-imp—He rebuketh the lack of patriotism of the same—He telleth of the trial and of the final decision of the Full Court—He mourneth over the reward of Dr. Smith, General Edmands and Capt. Evans—He describeth the lack of a Major-General—And lamenteth the loss of Gen. Edmands—And telleth of the disagreement of the General Court—And of the cause thereof—He recalleth the case of Judge Loring and is malignant—He endeth with a course of thermometers, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Feb. 23, 1857.

THIS is the Morrow of the Feast of Saint George, sirnamed Washington. But as the Feast Day itself befel on a Sunday, it is to be celebrated to-day instead. A century and a quarter has past since his birth, and a great many things have happened since then, of which he never dreamed, any more than his grandfather or grandmother. The separation of the Colonies from the Mother Country seemed then as far off as the Dissolution of the Union which grew out of the separation which he helped to effect does now. And yet it took place. King George was prayed for then as fervently in all churches as Uncle Sam is now, and men were as loud in their protestations of loyalty to him as their descendants are to the Constitution of the United States. Yet the one did not hinder the Dissolution of that Union any more than the other will hinder that of this one.

"——— The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire in the blood";

and when men's blood is up, oaths go for very little. A hundred years ago there was just as much external probability of a permanent Union of the Colonies with Great Britain as there is now of the continuance of the present Union. And yet we look on the men as objects of veneration and curiosity whose lives extend far enough back to reach those days of loyalty. A hundred years hence, the man whose memory runs back to the days of the Government of 1789, and who can tell the story of slaves carried back from Northern cities and of Northern submission to Southern domination, will be an object of pilgrimage from all parts of the country. At least I hope so. I don't know what particulars the Eulogist of the hero of this generation, whoever he may be, will think it prudent to omit in his account of his life, but we may be sure it will not be his ill opinion of Slavery.

But it is no part of my business to express opinions on any subject, excepting in the most incidental and perfunctory manner. My business is merely to recount facts and not intrude upon your province of commenting upon them. The birth-day of Washington has had various ups and downs on our political calendar. As long ago as I can recollect it was made a great festival by the Federalists, who held the Anniversary of the Washington Benevolent Society on that day. The Era of Good Feeling put an end to the Washington Benevolent Society, and the Birth-day itself fell into a long neglect. It was sometimes made the occasion of a ball or supper by persons of saltatory or cænatory propensities, but I am afraid they thought more of the fiddle or the punch than of the Father of his country. It often slipped by with scarcely the mention of the anniversary in the corners of newspapers that were sufficiently famine-struck for paragraphs. Twenty-five years ago, I recollect, being the Hundredth anniversary, there was a public celebration and an Address by the Hon. Francis C. Gray, recently deceased. It was not until the more recent glorious dawn of Native Americanism that Washington has been regularly canonized and his day received the illustration of the Red Letter in our political almanacs. His *fête* day is now a recognised holiday by law in this State, unless I am most inordinately mistaken, and no work is to be lawfully done therein. At any rate, it is duly kept, as any one who heard the hundred and twenty-five cannon let off this morning knows to his cost, and as any one who will go to the Music Hall to night will learn from hearing Mr. Everett let off his great gun for the dozenth time, by particular request.

But let us drop down to the times present. You will have seen by the Boston papers the decision of our Supreme Court in the case of young Ela, the Apothecary's boy whom the Sims Brigade routed and left for dead on the field of battle on the day of the Kidnapping of Burns. You may remember that a story that they were to be attacked with vitriol (which had no foundation but in their fears) had made their souls sink from whatever part of their vital economy where it usually resided till it found hiding in their boots. Everything in the shape of a bottle, unless they had oral testimony to its being a brandy one, made their knees to smite together as if it were a vial of wrath destined to be emptied upon their heads. Accordingly, when they saw this lad with a bottle in his hand, the conformation of which did not bring it within the category of exceptions, it seemed to them a case for prompt action, and the gallant Captain Evans led on his company to the attack in the most heroic manner. They gloriously triumphed, leaving their foe prostrate on the field, whence he was soon conveyed to a lock-up, where he was kept all night, and whence he was discharged in the morning, with his nervous system so much shattered that his master told me he did not believe he would ever be fit to do anything for his own support, and his mother's, who was dependent on his scanty wages. So little patriotism had this graceless youth that he brought his action at law against Doctor Smith, Apothecary Edmands and Captain Evans for damages, instead of rejoicing that he was thought worthy to suffer in the cause of his country. He deserved all he got, for, although his bottle did not have vitriol in it, it did have a much more dangerous fluid, which his assailants and all concerned in that field-day have much more reason to dread, to wit, *ink*. If they could only put down at the point of the bayonet all the ink-bottles, what a blessed thing it would be for their credit, to be sure!

Well, this abandoned young fellow actually found counsel who would back him up in his profligate attempt on these well-deservers of their country. When it came on for trial a year or so ago, Judge Merrick, who was on the bench, refused to take the responsibility of deciding the question of the lawfulness of that glorious rally for the Constitution and the Union, but shifted it over to the broader shoulders of the Full Bench. Well, last week Judge Bigelow gave the opinion of the Court, which was, in effect, that Doctor Smith had no business to leave a case of so much delicacy in the hands of his Apothecary; that it was a clear case of mal-practice and that he and all concerned were liable for any damages incurred because of his irregular conduct. In other words, the Judges held that though the proper magistrate might call out the militia on occasion of a riot, he must himself direct their operations, just as if they were a part of the ordinary police force, and that he might by no means shuffle his responsibility off upon somebody else, however glorious in gold lace and cock's-tails. This was just what Dr. Smith did, and, consequently, all the doings of that day were just as illegal as if so many Paddies from Broad street had taken possession of the streets, obstructed business and maltreated passengers, and they are just as much liable to be mulcted in the amount of the mischief they did. It is painful to witness such returns for such services, but hath not the ingratitude of Republics been ever a proverb and a warning?

And we are in terrible tribulation here just now. We are famishing for a Major-General and we cannot get one! I told you last Winter, I believe, of the panic we were in at the threatened loss of General Edmands. We escaped the danger at that time, but our destruction has nevertheless come upon us at last. General Edmands will never lead his division into action again to save the Union from the treasonous hands of another Burns. He has resigned, and this time with no reclamations to prevail upon him to have pity on our defenceless estate. The resignation was mutual. It was some question of militia etiquette in which the gallant general blundered as egregiously as when he stumbled into Dr. Smith's store, on the famous Second of June. He having withdrawn to private life, by general consent, the Legislature have been trying to make his place good, but in vain. A concurrent vote is necessary, and it is a little thing that is not to be had, so far at least. The Senate have chosen the officer next in rotation, Brigadier Andrews, I believe his name is. The House refuses to concur, on the ground, as I understand it, that this Andrews is a United States officer of some sort. They have chosen a Mr. Pierce, of whom I can tell you nothing. And I am not sure that I have not confounded the two men and changed their positions—for I never heard of either before this election. But Andrews or Pierce, or Pierce or Andrews, this is "the feature," as Lord Castlereagh used to say, "on which this question hinges." And I must say that I think the House is entirely right and trust it will adhere to its vote, even if we go hungry for a Major-General for another year. My notion is that a United States office should incapacitate its holder from filling any State office, civil or military—certainly, military or judicial.

And speaking of that puts me in mind that, last year, a petition was sent in to the General Court asking it to take measures for the removal of Judge Loring from his office, because of his continuing to hold his office of United States Commissioner, in spite of the law passed two years ago making it a violation of good behaviour and sufficient ground of Impeachment or removal by Address. The last Legislature bequeathed it to this, if I remember aright, but I have seen no symptoms of this one having accepted the legacy. The ground taken was that it was in the article of death at the time, and that it had no leisure to attend to so secular an affair—though it might have been done in half a day, so plain and palpable was the case. I do not see how they can pass by such a flagrant case of insolent disobedience to the regularly expressed pleasure of the people.

I believe I told you of the tricks our thermometers had been playing us and the way in which the mercury ran away and hid itself in the bulb from the cold weather. But they have made amends this last week. From thirty degrees below, they mounted up to seventy above—so that the general average will be about a fair one. It was odd to be sitting with windows open and with scarcely a vestige of snow to be seen, and with flies and even musquitoes frisking about, within three weeks from that unparalleled intensity of cold. But that is all over now. The earth is white and noses are red again, and so are like to be for some time to come.

D. Y.

DR. AUGUSTINE C. TAFT, for many years the indefatigable and judicious agent of the "Boston Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts," died last week, at his residence in Framingham, after a long and severe illness. He was, in the best sense of the word, a reformer. More than ten years ago, in obedience to his convictions of duty, he separated himself from the Church of his early choice, because that Church wickedly and persistently stopped its ears at the cry of suffering humanity and cast its influence in favour of "the vilest system of oppression that ever saw the sun," thus exposing himself, for Christ and the slave's sake, to be denounced as a fanatic, a disorganizer and an infidel. He was a friend of every earnest movement for making the world happier and better, and his death will be sincerely lamented, not only by his surviving associates, but by many who were encouraged and assisted by him to turn from vagrant and vicious habits to a life of honest industry.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.—The Ashtabula (Ohio) *Sentinel*, published at Jefferson, the place where Mr. Giddings resides, gives the following information respecting his health and plans:

"His physical health he regards as rapidly improving; and his memory appears to have improved in a manner nearly corresponding with his physical system. He seeks exercise in the open air, reads but little, sees company, and cultivates a cheerfulness and ease of mind. His physicians encourage the hope that he may have years before him, if he abstains from excitement and severe mental labour; while he himself appears conscious that a recurrence of the attack must prove fatal, and the time of such recurrence is entirely uncertain. It is his purpose, as soon as able, to arrange his papers, and revise what he has written, and, if able, to place on record some matters with which circumstances have made him familiar, but with which the public are not thoroughly acquainted. His complaint is styled 'atrophy of the heart.'"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS *for March*.—CONTENTS: Murderous Extremes; A Journey Due North—Heyde's; Credit Mobilier; The Dead Secret—Chapters 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5; Two Days at Sinope; A Few Really Great Men; The Lambeth-Marsh Mulcibers; Slavery at Surinam; Chip—A Side-Wind from Due North; Weeds; The Brave Woman of Tann; The Gift of Tongues; Odd Fish; Something that Shakspeare lost; A Journey Due North—My Bed and Board; Calumet Island; Hammering it in; A Daisy on a Grave; The Coco-Palm; Fiction Crushing; The Soulages Collection; A Journey Due North—I begin to see Life; Gone Before; Promotion, French and English; The Poisoner of Springs; Men made by Machinery; Coco-Eaters; Memnon and his Mate; The Stoker's Poetry; A Journey Due North—High Jinks at Christoffsky.

DEFEATED.—Mr. Slough, the Representative from Cincinnati, whose expulsion from the Legislature for striking a member upon the floor was mentioned lately by our Cincinnati correspondent, and who was nominated for reelection by his party, has been defeated. The majority against him, however, was only seven; but it is enough to save the Queen city from the disgrace of being represented by a ruffian.

THE LEMMON SLAVE CASE (Virginia against New York, virtually) came on for review in the Supreme Court, before Judges Mitchell, Roosevelt and Davies, on Wednesday last. It involves the question whether slaveholders have a right of transit for their slaves in a free State. The hearing of the case commenced on Thursday. We shall watch its progress with deep interest.

THE LIVING AGE, No. 666, contains Part XI of "The Fortunes of Glencore," and the usual variety of articles from the best sources.

Summary.

ARREST OF AN EDITOR—*Baltimore, Wednesday, Feb.* 18, 1857.—V. S. Ludwig, formerly an editor of a German paper in this city, was arrested at Savannah on Friday as an Abolition agent, and notified to leave the city under the penalty of a coat of tar and feathers.

PURCHASE OF MOUNT VERNON.—It is stated in the Richmond *Enquirer* that Edward Everett has already placed in the hands of trustees $12,000 at 7 per cent. interest, and $500 at 6 per cent. interest—the proceeds of his oration—for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund.

Lucy Stone lectured at Bangor on Friday evening. Her subject was, "Border Ruffianism at Home," in which she took the ground that the Kansas ruffians are not so bad as those ruffians who tyrannize over their wives and families at home. She said we hear of hen-pecked husbands, but there was not so much said about "*rooster-pecked wives*."

ROSETTA ARMSTEAD.—The Columbus (Ohio) *Fact* says Rosetta was delivered of a free-born child lately. "Mother and child are doing well." The name of the happy father has not yet transpired. [Rosetta is the slave-woman who was rescued from her master while passing through Columbus, some months since.]

The Houston *Telegraph* of the 30th ult. says: "We understand that an Abolitionist from Boston or that vicinity has been circulating incendiary papers and documents in this city for two or three days past. The boys have taken him in hand to day, and at last accounts he was in considerable fear that something was going to happen."

NEAL DOW GOING TO ENGLAND.—This eminent advocate of Prohibition goes to England, as we learn, about the first of April, at the urgent solicitation of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic. The arrangements are to hold a series of monster meetings at all the great centres of population throughout England, Ireland and Scotland.

There is a moral in the way hoops struck an innocent young man just returned to civilization after a year's absence. On his way up from the landing, he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c., "Pray," said he, "are all the girls in Aberdeen married? I met Miss A—." "Why, brother, Miss A—isn't married." "Not married! Nor Miss B—? nor Miss C? nor Miss—?" "Oh, pshaw! brother," said Sis, just beginning to catch the idea, "that's nothing but hoops!"

Mr George Peabody has given $300,000 to the city of Baltimore—contemplating to increase the sum to $500,000—for the purpose of: 1, Endowing a great Public Library; 2, Provisions for lectures, including $1,200 to be distributed in premiums to clever pupils of the Public Schools and the School of Design of the Mechanics' Institute; 3, An Academy of Music, for the cultivation and performance of music; 4, A Gallery of Art; 5, Accommodations for the Maryland Historical Society.

SPITE.—The Earlville post-office has been abolished to spite the N. Y. *Tribune*, and gratify G. W. Gray, the smutty editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. It seems that at the instigation of Gray, the postmaster at Franklin Mills refused to deliver *The Tribune* to its patrons, as he had done before. These persons sent their mail matter to Earlville, it being about two miles distant. The Cleveland postmaster, by the aid of the Portage *Sentinel*, and a few Locofocos in this region, procured the abolition of the Earlville office.—*Ravenna* (O.) *Dem.*

THE SECTIONAL QUESTION.—The New York *Herald* of February 18, in an article on "The Signs of the Times—the Disunion Convention at Utica," says: "What then do these signs mean? they mean that, without some astounding and unexpected change, such as a war with England, we shall have, in 1860, the most terrible sectional contest that the Confederacy has ever endured—that the past old parties will disappear from the contest altogether, and make way for new ones, the triumph of either of which will and must be the ruin of the Union."

A REVOLUTION GOING BACKWARDS.—A better time is coming, and woman will soon be again approachable. The special foreign correspondent of the New York *Tribune* chronicles an event of the very highest importance at the French court. "The Empress Eugenie made her appearance last week without any crinoline or hoops, and looked the better for it." How long for a gradual contraction of crinoline, and by the time the frost is out of the ground, boys and girls will be rolling the hoops about the streets.

PUNISHMENT OF SLAVES.—The Mississippi Legislature has just passed a bill prohibiting any owner of slaves from punishing them with more than "nine and-thirty lashes" at any one time, or for any one offence, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. All other unnecessary cruelty to slaves is also made indictable and punishable by fine and imprisonment.

[Here is another illustration of the tendency of the Anti-Slavery movement to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, by putting slaveholders on their good behaviour before a watchful public opinion.]

THE LABOURING POOR OF LONDON.—We have heretofore had occasion to notice the discontent and suffering prevailing among the labouring classes of London. Unusual numbers of them are out of employment; some 50,000 able-bodied men, as we hear, are holding meetings and marching in procession to an extent which the press of that city apparently fears to notice. There are hundreds of gangs, all behaving with the utmost order, bearing their tools on their shoulders, parading the West End daily. They generally sing the "Song of the Shirt," or else unite in a chant, the burthen of which is, "Why have we no work to do?" This is a fearful commentary on the commercial prosperity which, we have been told, exists there, and a portentous warning of the great crash which is to come, and which there is reason to fear will be felt here even more sensibly than in Europe.—*Tribune.*

SPEECH OF A CIRCUMNAVIGATOR.—At a demonstration in honour of the Earl of Fife, the following speech was delivered by Captain McDonald:

"It is now the eleventh hour with me. I am now seventy-five years of age, and the oldest man in the room. I have sailed four times round the globe (cheers). I have been in all the climates of the known world. And I may tell my young friends here, that for fifty years I have drank nothing stronger than tea or coffee, and I always stood the cold better than any man in my crew. I have made nine voyages round Cape Horn (cheers), and I always stood the cold better than any of my seamen, so you will see that it's only 'Dutch courage' drink gives."

The body of the late Preston S. Brooks was buried at Edgefield, S. C., on the 14th. It was attended to the grave by an immense concourse of people, with a military *cortege* attended by music, &c., &c. The face was exhibited to the view of the people, and was still perfectly natural and undecayed. The Edgefield *Advertiser* says that "thousands came to look, for a moment, upon the strong man stricken down by the hand of death in the mad career of his earthly exertions. Not the least affecting part of this scene was the number of servants who came crowding in, by permission, to see the face of the dead once more before it went down into the grave; among them a weeping old woman, who had nursed the deceased in his childhood."

THE GREEK SLAVE IN COURT.—The good people of Mobile seem disposed to carry their modesty a little too far. We notice in the *Advertiser* of Sunday that two men have been arrested in that city for vending plaster of Paris images of Powers's Greek Slave, they being deemed immoral and indecent in their character. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*—*N. O. Bulletin.*

Served them right. The Greek Slave is an "incendiary document." The New Testament or the Declaration of Independence isn't more so. What right have the venders of such trash in the streets of Mobile? Certainly lynch them for their audacity.—*Boston Telegraph.*

SLAVE EXEMPTION IN MISSISSIPPI.—We learn from the *Mississippian* that the Senate of Mississippi, on the 9th inst., after a long and interesting discussion, adopted, by a vote of 20 to 5, the following amendment, offered by Mr. Ellet, to the Court bill, exempting a portion of slave property from sale under execution: Exempting "one slave, to be selected by the debtor, if he have more than one; and should such debtor select to retain a female slave, then all the children of such female, under the age of twenty years, shall likewise be exempted."

This is similar to acts passed in other Southern States for the protection and encouragement of slavery. As a specimen of class legislation, it will not prove very palatable to the non-slaveholding population of the South.

A CLERICAL ERROR.—In the month of November, 1855, William S. Bailey, editor of the Newport (Kentucky) *News*, the only anti-slavery daily published in the slave States, was detected in the heinous act of suffering the children of slaves to play about his office and dance in his kitchen. So grave an offence could not pass unpunished, and he was accordingly indicted under the law which forbids "unlawful assemblages of negroes"!

Mr. Bailey was confronted with the Commonwealth. Witnesses swore both to the fact of dancing and of Mr. B.'s evident gratification. A clear case seemed inevitable. Mr. B. was beginning to be anxious lest the *Daily News* might suffer while he was paying the penalty of violated law. At this stage of the case it was discovered that the indictment was defective, inasmuch as the offence was charged to have been committed in Nov. 1856, *four months after the date of the indictment*, which was in the preceding June. The Prosecuting Attorney vainly urged that it was only a "clerical" error, and could be easily amended; but the jury thought otherwise and returned a verdict for defendant, without leaving their seats.—*Bost. Tel.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—In the Senate, this morning, a petition, signed (on behalf of the National Woman's Rights Convention) by Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell, Lucy Stone, and Ernestine L. Rose, was presented by Mr. Shaw, of Nantucket. The petitioners set forth that the Constitution and Laws of Massachusetts conflict with the fundamental principles of a republican form of government, because woman is not recognised by law as the equal of man; their consent is not obtained to any measure of the State policy, and they are taxed without being represented. Even the criminal code is formed and administered solely by men, neither the intellect nor moral sense of women being in any way consulted. After recapitulating various other wrongs, the memorialists say they are satisfied that the only effectual remedy is to accord the right of suffrage to every American-born or naturalized woman in the State of legal age. They, therefore, pray that the Legislature take all lawful means towards securing the right of suffrage to women in the State of Massachusetts.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE AFRICAN TWINS.—We have been afforded a private view of these interesting little children, so indissolubly linked back to back by a singular freak of nature, the band of union being between fifteen and seventeen inches in circumference. They are about five-and-a-half years old, seem remarkably healthy, and their buoyancy and sprightly prattle render them peculiarly interesting. They warble little cheerful songs with a good deal of the artless humour peculiar to the negro race, and frisk about the room with wonderful facility. We observe that they are to be publicly exhibited next week in the Waterloo Rooms, and we feel assured that they will prove objects of singular attraction. Their mother arrived at Liverpool on the first of the month in the Atlantic steamer, after having been ransomed from her slaveholding owners, and now accompanies her children, and she has, we understand, left behind her, in North Carolina, her husband and eight sons and daughters, still in the bonds of slavery. These it is intended also to

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE HIDING OF THE SECRET.

THE instant Sarah Leeson had turned the key of her bedroom door, she took the sheet of note-paper from its place of concealment in her bosom—shuddering, when she drew it out, as if the mere contact of it hurt her—placed it open on her little dressing-table, and fixed her eyes eagerly on the lines which the note contained. At first they swam and mingled together before her. She pressed her hands over her eyes for a few minutes, and then looked at the writing again.

The characters were clear now—vividly clear, and, as she fancied, unnaturally large and near to view. There was the address: "To my Husband"; there the first blotted line beneath, in her dead mistress's handwriting; there the lines that followed, traced by her own pen, with the signatures at the end—Mrs. Treverton's first, and then her own. The whole amounted to but very few sentences, written on one perishable fragment of paper, which the flame of a candle would have consumed in a moment. Yet there she sat, reading, reading, reading, over and over again; never touching the note, except when it was absolutely necessary to turn over the first page; never moving, never speaking, never raising her eyes from the paper. As a condemned prisoner might read his death-warrant, so did Sarah Leeson now read the few lines which she and her mistress had written together not half-an-hour since.

The secret of the paralyzing effect of that writing on her mind lay, not only in itself, but in the circumstances which had attended the act of its production. The oath which had been proposed by Mrs. Treverton under no more serious influence than the last caprice of disordered faculties, stimulated by confused remembrances of stage words and stage situations, had been accepted by Sarah Leeson as the most sacred and inviolable engagement to which she could bind herself. The threat of enforcing obedience to her last commands from beyond the grave, which the mistress had uttered in mocking experiment on the superstitious fears of the credulous maid, now hung darkly over the weak mind of Sarah, as a judgment which might descend on her, visibly and inexorably, at any moment of her future life. When she roused herself at last, and pushed away the paper, and rose to her feet, she stood quite still for an instant, before she ventured to look behind her. When she did look, it was with an effort and a start, with a searching distrust of the empty dimness in the remoter corners of the room.

Her old habit of talking to herself began to resume its influence, as she now walked rapidly backwards and forwards, sometimes along the room and sometimes across it. She repeated incessantly such broken phrases as these: "How can I give him the letter? Such a good master; so kind to us all. Why did she die, and leave it all to me? I can't bear it alone; it's too much for me." While reiterating these sentences, she vacantly occupied herself in putting things about the room in order, which were set in perfect order already. All her looks, all her actions, betrayed the vain struggle of a weak mind to sustain itself under the weight of a heavy responsibility. She arranged and rearranged the cheap china ornaments on her chimney-piece a dozen times over—put her pin-cushion first on the looking-glass, then on the table in front of it—changed the position of the little porcelain dish and tray on her wash-hand-stand, now to one side of the basin and now to the other. Throughout all these trifling actions, the natural grace, delicacy, and prim neathandedness of the woman still waited mechanically on the most useless and aimless of her occupations of the moment. She knocked nothing down, she put nothing awry, her footsteps at their fastest made no sound—the very skirts of her dress were kept as properly and prudishly composed as if it was broad daylight and the eyes of all her neighbours were looking at her.

From time to time the sense of the words she was murmuring confusedly to herself changed. Sometimes they disjointedly expressed bolder and more self-reliant thoughts. Once they seemed to urge her again to the dressing-table and the open letter on it, against her own will. She read aloud the address, "To my Husband," and caught the letter up sharply, and spoke in firmer tones. "Why give it to him at all? Why not let the secret die with her and die with me, as it ought? Why should he know it? He shall not know it!" Saying those last words, she desperately held the letter within an inch of the flame of the candle. At the same moment the white curtain over the window before her stirred a little, as the freshening air found its way through the old-fashioned, ill-fitting sashes. Her eye caught sight of it, as it waved gently backwards and forwards. She clasped the letter suddenly to her breast with both hands, and shrank back against the wall of the room, her eyes still fastened on the curtain, with the same blank look of horror which they had expressed when Mrs. Treverton had threatened to claim her servant's obedience from the other world.

"Something moves," she gasped to herself, in a breathless whisper. "Something moves in the room besides me!"

The curtain waved slowly to and fro for the second time. Still fixedly looking at it over her shoulder, she crept along the wall to the door.

"Do you come to me already?" she said, her eyes riveted on the curtain while her hand groped over the lock for the key. "Before the grave is dug? Before the coffin is made? Before the body is cold?"

She opened the door and glided into the passage; stopped there for a moment, and looked back into the room.

"Rest!" she said. "Rest—he shall have the letter."

The staircase-lamp guided her out of the passage. Descending hurriedly, as if she feared to give herself time to think, she reached Captain Treverton's study, on the ground-floor, in a minute or two. The door was wide open, and the room was empty.

After reflecting a little, she lighted one of the chamber-candles standing on the hall-table, at the lamp in the study, and ascended the stairs again to her master's bedroom. After repeatedly knocking at the door and obtaining no answer, she ventured to go in. The bed had not been disturbed, the candles had not been lit—to all appearance, the room had not even been entered during the night.

There was but one other place to seek him in—the chamber in which his wife lay dead. Could she summon the courage to give him the letter there? She hesitated a little—then whispered, "I must! I must!" The direction she now compelled herself to take led her a little way down the stairs again. She descended very slowly this time, holding cautiously by the bannisters, and pausing to take breath almost at every step. The door of what had been Mrs. Treverton's bed-room was opened, when she ventured to knock at it, by the nurse, who inquired roughly and suspiciously, what she wanted there.

"I want to speak to my master."

"Look for him somewhere else. He was here half an hour ago. He is gone now."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No. I don't pry into other people's goings and comings. I mind my own business."

With that discourteous answer, the nurse closed the door again. Just as Sarah turned away from it, she looked towards the inner end of the passage. The door of the nursery was situated there. It was ajar, and a dim gleam of candle-light was flickering through it.

She went in immediately, and saw that the candle-light came from an inner room, usually occupied, as she well knew, by the nursery-maid and by the only child of the house of Treverton; a little girl, named Rosamond, aged, at that time, nearly five years.

"Can he be there?—in that room, of all the rooms in the house!"

Quickly as the thought arose in her mind, Sarah raised the letter (which she had hitherto carried in her hand) to the bosom of her dress, and hid it for the second time, exactly as she had hidden it on leaving her mistress's bedside.

She then stole across the nursery on tip-toe towards the inner room. The entrance to it, to please some caprice of the child's, had been arched, and framed with trellis-work, gaily-coloured, so as to resemble the entrance to a summer-house. Two pretty chintz curtains, hanging inside the trellis-work, formed the only barrier between the day-room and the bed-room. One of these was looped up, and towards the opening thus made Sarah now advanced, after cautiously leaving her candle in the passage outside.

The first object that attracted her attention in the child's bed-room was the figure of the nursemaid, leaning back fast asleep in an easy chair by the window. Venturing, after this discovery, to look more boldly into the room, she next saw her master sitting with his back towards her, by the side of the child's crib. Little Rosamond was awake, and was standing up in bed with her arms round her father's neck. One of her hands held over his shoulder the doll that she had taken to bed with her, the other was twined gently in his hair. The child had been crying bitterly, and had now exhausted herself, so that she was only moaning a little from time to time, with her head laid wearily on her father's bosom.

The tears stood thick in Sarah's eyes as they looked on her master and on the little hands that lay round his neck. She lingered by the raised curtain, heedless of the risk she ran, from moment to moment, of being discovered and questioned—lingered until she heard Captain Treverton say soothingly to the child:

"Hush, Rosie, dear! hush, my own love! Don't cry any more for poor mamma. Think of poor papa, and try to comfort him."

Simple as the words were, quietly and tenderly as they were spoken, they seemed instantly to deprive Sarah Leeson of all power of self-control. Reckless whether she was heard or not, she turned and ran into the passage as if she had been flying for her life. Passing the candle she had left there, without so much as a look at it, she made for the stairs, and descended them with headlong rapidity to the kitchen-floor. There, one of the servants who had been sitting up met her, and, with a face of astonishment and alarm, asked what was the matter.

"I'm ill—I'm faint—I want air," she answered, speaking thickly and confusedly. "Open the garden-door and let me out."

The man obeyed, but doubtfully, as if he thought her unfit to be trusted by herself.

"She gets stranger than ever in her ways," he said, when he rejoined his fellow-servant, after Sarah had hurried past him into the open air. "Now my mistress is dead, she will have to find another place, I suppose. I, for one, shan't break my heart when she's gone. Shall you?"

The cool, sweet air in the garden, blowing freshly over Sarah's face, seemed to calm the violence of her agitation. She turned down a side walk which led to a terrace and overlooked the church of the neighbouring village. The daylight out of doors was clear already. The misty auburn light that goes before sunrise was flowing up, peaceful and lovely, behind a line of black-brown moorland, over all the eastern sky. The old church, with the hedge of myrtle and fuschia growing round the little cemetery at the side of it in all the luxuriance which is only seen in Cornwall, was clearing and brightening to view, almost as fast as the morning firmament itself. Sarah leaned her arms heavily on the back of a garden-seat, and turned her face towards the church. Her eyes wandered from the building itself to the cemetery by its side—rested there—and watched the light growing warmer and warmer over the lonesome refuge where the dead lay at rest.

"O, my heart! my heart!" she said. "What must it be made of not to break?"

She remained for some time leaning on the seat, looking sadly towards the churchyard, and pondering over the words which she had heard Captain Treverton say to the child. They seemed to connect themselves, as everything else now appeared to connect itself in her mind, with the letter that had been written on Mrs. Treverton's death-bed. She drew it from her bosom once more, and crushed it up angrily in her fingers.

"Still in my hands! still not seen by any eyes but mine!" she said, looking down at the crumpled pages. "Is it all my fault? If she was alive now—if she had seen what I saw, if she had heard what I heard—could she expect me to give him the letter?"

Her mind was apparently steadied by the reflection which her last words expressed. She moved away thoughtfully from the garden-seat, crossed the terrace, descended some wooden steps, and followed a shrubbery path, which led round by a winding track from the east to the north side of the house.

This part of the building had been uninhabited and neglected for more than half a century past. In the time of Captain Treverton's father the whole range of the north rooms had been stripped of their finest pictures and their most valuable furniture, to assist in re-decorating the west rooms, which now formed the only inhabited part of the house, and which were amply sufficient for the accommodation of the family and of any visitors who came to stay with them. The mansion had been originally built in the form of a square, and had been strongly fortified. Of the many defences of the place, but one now remained—a heavy, low tower (from which and from the village near, the house derived its name of Porthgenna Tower), standing at the southern extremity of the west front. The south side itself consisted of stables and outhouses, with a ruinous wall in front of them, which, running back, eastward, at right angles, joined the north side, and so completed the square which the whole outline of the building represented. The outside view of the range of north rooms from the weedy, deserted garden below, showed plainly enough that many years had passed since any human creature had inhabited them. The window-panes were broken in some places, and covered thickly with dirt and dust in others. Here, the shutters were closed—there, they were only half opened. The untrained ivy, the rank vegetation growing in fissures of the stone-work, the festoons of spiders' webs, the rubbish of wood, bricks, plaster, broken glass, rags, and strips of soiled cloth, which lay beneath the windows, all told the same tale of neglect. Shadowed by its position, this ruinous side of the house had a dark, cold, wintry aspect, even on the sunny August morning, when Sarah Leeson strayed into the deserted northern garden. Lost in the labyrinth of her own thoughts, she moved slowly past flower-beds, long since rooted up, and along gravel-walks overgrown by weeds; her eyes wandering mechanically over the prospect, her feet mechanically carrying her on wherever there was a trace of a footpath, lead where it might.

The shock which the words spoken by her master in the nursery had communicated to her mind had set her whole nature, so to speak, at bay, and had roused in her, at last, the moral courage to arm herself with a final and a desperate resolution. Wandering more and more slowly along the pathways of the forsaken garden, as the course of her ideas withdrew her more and more completely from all outward things, she stopped insensibly on an open patch of ground, which had once been a well-kept lawn, and which still commanded a full view of the long range of uninhabited north rooms.

"What binds me to give the letter to my master, at all?" she thought to herself, smoothing out the crumpled paper dreamily in the palm of her hand. "My mistress died without making me swear to do that. Can she visit it on me from the other world, if I keep the promise I swore to observe, and do no more? May I not risk the worst that can happen, so long as I hold religiously to all that I undertook to do on my oath?"

She paused here in reasoning with herself; her superstitious fears still influencing her out of doors, in the daylight, as they had influenced her in her own room, in the time of darkness. She paused—then fell to smoothing the letter again, and began to recall the terms of the solemn engagement which Mrs. Treverton had forced her to contract.

What had she actually bound herself to do? Not to destroy the letter, and not to take it away with her if she left the house. Beyond that, Mrs. Treverton's desire had been that the letter should be given to her husband. Was that last wish binding on the person to whom it had been confided? Yes. As binding as an oath? No.

As she arrived at that conclusion, she looked up. At first, her eyes rested vacantly on the lonely, deserted north front of the house; gradually, they became attracted by one particular window exactly in the middle, on the floor above the ground—the largest and the gloomiest of all the row; suddenly, they brightened with an expression of intelligence. She started; a faint flush of colour flew into her cheeks, and she hastily advanced closer to the wall of the house.

The panes of the large window were yellow with dust and dirt, and festooned about fantastically with cobwebs. Below it was a heap of rubbish, scattered over the dry mould of what might once have been a bed of flowers or shrubs. The form of the bed was still marked out by an oblong boundary of weeds and rank grass. She followed it irresolutely all round, looking up at the window at every step, then stopped close under it, glanced at the letter in her hand, and said to herself abruptly:

"I'll risk it!"

As the words fell from her lips, she hastened back to the inhabited part of the house, followed the passage on the kitchen-floor which led to the housekeeper's room, entered it, and took down from a nail in the wall a bunch of keys, having a large ivory label attached to the ring that connected them, on which was inscribed, "Keys of the North Rooms."

She placed the keys on a writing-table near her, took up a pen, and rapidly added these lines on the blank side of the letter which she had written under her mistress's dictation:

"If this paper should ever be found (which I pray with my whole heart it never may be), I wish to state that I have come to the resolution of hiding it, because I dare not show the writing that it contains to my master, to whom it is addressed. In doing what I now propose to do, though I am acting against my mistress's last wishes, I am not breaking the solemn engagement which she obliged me to make before her on her death-bed. That engagement forbids me to destroy this letter, or to take it away with me if I leave the house. I shall do neither—my purpose is to conceal it in the place, of all others, where I think there is least chance of its ever being found again. Any hardship or misfortune which may follow as a consequence of this deceitful proceeding on my part will fall on myself. Others, I believe on my conscience, will be the happier for the hiding of the dreadful secret which this letter contains."

She signed those lines with her name—pressed them hurriedly over the blotting-pad that lay with the rest of the writing materials on the table—took the note in her hand, after first folding it up, and then, snatching at the bunch of keys, with a look all round her, as if she dreaded being secretly observed, left the room. All her actions since she had entered it had been hasty and sudden; she was evidently afraid of allowing herself one leisure moment to reflect.

On quitting the housekeeper's room, she turned to the left, ascended a back staircase, and unlocked a door at the top of it. A cloud of dust flew all about her, as she softly opened the door; a mouldy coolness made her shiver as she crossed a large stone hall, with some black old family portraits, the canvass of which were bulging out of the frames, hanging on the walls. Ascending more stairs, she came upon a row of doors, all leading into rooms on the first floor of the north side of the house.

She knelt down, putting the letter on the boards beside her, opposite the keyhole of the first door she came to on reaching the top of the stairs, peered in distrustfully for an instant, then began to try the different keys till she found one that fitted the lock. She had great difficulty in accomplishing this, from the violence of her agitation, which made her hands tremble to such a degree that she was hardly able to keep the keys separate one from the other. At length she succeeded in opening the door. Thicker clouds of dust than she had yet met with flew out the moment the interior of the room was visible; a dry, airless, suffocating atmosphere almost choked her as she stooped to pick up the letter from the floor. She recoiled from it at first, and took a few steps back towards the staircase. But she recovered her resolution immediately. "I can't go back now!" she said, desperately, and entered the room.

She did not remain in it more than two or three minutes. When she came out again, her face was white with fear, and the hand which had held the letter when she went into the room, held nothing now but a small rusty key.

After locking the door again, she examined the large bunch of keys which she had taken from the housekeeper's room, with closer attention than she had yet bestowed on them. Besides the ivory label attached to the ring that connected them, there were smaller labels, of parchment, tied to the handles of some of the keys, to indicate the rooms to which they gave admission. The particular key which she had used had one of these labels hanging to it. She held the little strip of parchment close to the light, and read on it, in written characters faded by time,

"*The Myrtle Room.*"

The room in which the letter was hidden had a name, then! A prettily sounding name that would attract most people, and keep pleasantly in their memories. A name to be distrusted by her, after what she had done, on that very account.

She took her housewife from its usual place in the pocket of her apron, and, with the scissors which it contained, cut the label from the key. Was it enough to destroy that one only? She lost herself in a maze of useless conjecture; and ended by cutting off the other labels, from no other motive than instinctive suspicion of them.

Carefully gathering up the strips of parchment from the floor, she put them, along with the little rusty key which she had brought out of the Myrtle Room, in the empty pocket of her apron. Then, carrying the large bunch of keys in her hand, and carefully locking the doors that she had opened on her way to the north side of Porthgenna Tower, she retraced her steps to the housekeeper's room, entered it without seeing anybody, and hung up the bunch of keys again on the nail in the wall.

Fearful, as the morning hours wore on, of meeting with some of the female servants, she next hastened back to her bed-room. The candle she had left there was still burning feebly in the fresh daylight. When she drew aside the window-curtain, after extinguishing the candle, a shadow of her former fear passed over her face, even in the broad daylight that now flowed in upon it. She opened the window, and leaned out eagerly into the cool air.

Whether for good or for evil, the fatal secret was hidden now—the act was done. There was something calming in the first consciousness of that one fact. She could think more composedly, after that, of herself, and of the uncertain future that lay before her.

Under no circumstances could she have expected to remain in her situation, now that the connection between herself and her mistress had been severed by death. She knew that Mrs. Treverton, in the last days of her illness, had earnestly recommended her maid to Captain Treverton's kindness and protection, and she felt assured that the wife's last entreaties, in this as in all other instances, would be viewed as the most sacred of obligations by the husband. But could she accept protection and kindness at the hand of the master whom she had been accessory to deceiving, and whom she had now committed herself to deceiving still? The bare idea of such baseness was so revolting that she accepted, almost with a sense of relief, the one sad alternative that remained—the alternative of leaving the house immediately.

And how was she to leave it? By giving formal warning, and so exposing herself to questions which would be sure to confuse and terrify her? Could she venture to face her master again, after what she had done—to face him, when his first inquiries would refer to her mistress, when he would be certain to ask her for the last mournful details, for the slightest word that had been spoken during the death-scene which she alone had witnessed? She started to her feet, as the certain consequences of submitting herself to that unendurable trial all crowded together warningly on her mind, took her cloak from its place on the wall, and listened at her door in sudden suspicion and fear. Had she heard footsteps? Was her master sending for her already?

No: all was silent outside. A few tears rolled over her cheeks, as she put on her bonnet, and felt that she was facing, by the performance of that simple everyday action, the last, and perhaps the hardest to meet, of the cruel necessities in which the hiding of the secret had involved her. There was no help for it. She must run the risk of betraying everything, or brave the double trial of leaving Porthgenna Tower, and leaving it secretly.

Secretly—as a thief might go? Secretly—without a word to her master; without so much as one line of writing to thank him for his kindness, and to ask his pardon? She had unlocked her desk, and had taken from it her purse, one or two letters, and a little book of Wesley's Hymns, before these considerations occurred to her. They made her pause in the act of shutting up the desk. "Shall I write?" she asked herself, "and leave the letter here, to be found when I am gone?" A little more reflection decided her in the affirmative. As rapidly as her pen could form the letters, she wrote a few lines addressed to Captain Treverton, in which she confessed to having kept a secret from his knowledge which had been left in her charge to divulge; adding, that she honestly believed no harm could come to him, or to any one in whom he was interested, by her failing to perform the duty entrusted to her; and ending by asking his pardon for leaving the house secretly, and by begging, as a last favour, that no search might ever be made for her. Having sealed this short note, and left it on her table, with her master's name written outside, she listened again at the door; and, after satisfying herself that no one was yet stirring, began to descend the stairs at Porthgenna Tower for the last time.

At the entrance of the passage leading to the nursery, she stopped. The tears which she had restrained since leaving her room, began to flow again. Urgent as her reasons now were for effecting her departure without a moment's loss of time, she advanced, with the strangest inconsistency, a few steps towards the nursery-door. Before she had gone far, a slight noise in the lower part of the house caught her ear, and instantly checked her further progress. While she stood doubtful, the grief at her heart—a greater grief than any she had yet betrayed—rose irresistibly to her lips, and burst from them in one deep gasping sob. The sound of it seemed to terrify her into a sense of the danger of her position, if she delayed a moment longer. She ran out again to the stairs, reached the kitchen floor in safety, and made her escape by the garden-door which the servant had opened for her at the dawn of the morning.

On getting clear of the premises at Porthgenna Tower instead of taking the nearest path over the moor that led to the high road, she diverged to the church; but stopped before she came to it, at the public well of the neighbourhood, which had been sunk near the cottages of the Porthgenna fishermen. Cautiously looking round her, she dropped into the well the little rusty key which she had brought out of the Myrtle Room; then hurried on, and entered the churchyard. She directed her course straight to one of the graves, situated a little apart from the rest. On the headstone were inscribed these words:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HUGH POLWHEAL,
AGED 26 YEARS.
HE MET WITH HIS DEATH
THROUGH THE FALL OF A ROCK
IN
PORTHGENNA MINE,
DECEMBER 17TH, 1823.

Gathering a few leaves of grass from the grave, Sarah opened the little book of Wesley's Hymns which she had brought with her from the bed-room at Porthgenna Tower, and placed the leaves delicately and carefully between the pages. As she did this, the wind blew open the title-page of the Hymns, and displayed this inscription on it, written in clumsy characters: "Sarah Leeson, her book. The gift of Hugh Polwheal."

Having secured the blades of grass between the pages of the book, she retraced her way towards the path, leading to the high road. Arrived on the moor, she took out of her apron-pocket the parchment labels that had been cut from the keys, and scattered them under the furze-bushes.

"Gone," she said, "as I am gone! God help and forgive me, it is all done, and over now!"

With those words, she turned her back on the old house and the sea-view below it, and followed the moorland path on her way to the high road.

Four hours afterwards, Captain Treverton desired one of the servants at Porthgenna Tower to inform Sarah Leeson that he wished to hear all she had to tell him of the dying moments of her mistress. The messenger returned with looks and words of amazement, and with the letter that Sarah had addressed to her master in his hand.

The moment Captain Treverton had read the letter, he ordered an immediate search to be made after the missing woman. She was so easy to describe and recognise by the premature greyness of her hair, by the odd, scared look in her eyes, and by her habit of constantly talking to herself, that she was traced with certainty as far as Truro. In that large town, the track of her was lost, and never recovered again. Rewards were offered; the magistrates of the district were interested in the case; all that wealth and power could do to discover her was done—and done in vain. No clue was found to suggest a suspicion of her whereabouts, or to help in the slightest degree towards explaining the nature of the secret at which she had hinted in her letter. She was not seen again, not heard of again, at Porthgenna Tower, after the morning of the Twenty-Third of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine.—*Household Words.*

FARMHOUSE CREAM.—Reader! *did* you ever taste such a cup of tea as Miss Gibbs is this moment handing to Mr. Pilgrim? Do you know the dulcet strength, the animating blandness of tea sufficiently blended with real farmhouse cream? No—most likely you are a miserable town-bred reader, who think of cream as a thinnish white fluid, delivered in infinitesimal pennyworths down area steps; or perhaps, from a presentiment of calves' brains, you refrain from any lacteal addition, and rasp your tongue with unmitigated bohea. You have a vague idea of a milch cow as probably a white-plaster animal standing in a butterman's window, and you know nothing of the sweet history of genuine cream, such as Miss Gibbs's: how it was this morning in the udders of the large sleek beasts, as they stood lowing a patient entreaty under the milking-shed; how it fell with a pleasant rhythm into Betty's pail, sending a delicious incense into the cool air; how it was carried into that temple of moist cleanliness the dairy, where it quickly separated itself from the meaner elements of milk, and lay in mellowed whiteness, ready for the skimming-dish which transferred it to Miss Gibbs's glass cream-jug. If I am right in my conjecture, you are unacquainted with the highest possibilities of tea; and Mr. Pilgrim, who is holding that cup in his hand, has an idea beyond you.—*Blackwood: Story of Amos Barton.*

A HEROINE OF THE SEA.

AMONG the noble band of women who, by their heroic bearing, under great trial and suffering, have won for themselves imperishable fame, Mary A. Patton may claim a prominent position. Mrs. Patton is a native of Boston, and but twenty years of age. Her husband, Capt. Joshua A. Patton, sailed from this port in July last, for San Francisco, as commander of the clipper-ship Neptune's Car, of Foster & Nickerson's line, and it was during this voyage that his wife rendered herself so distinguished. Capt. Patton is well known in this port, and at the eastward, as a young and rising seaman; and the vessels under his command have made some of the swiftest passages on record. He took command of the Neptune's Car about two years ago, and made his first voyage in her to San Francisco in ninety days. On that occasion Mrs. Patton accompanied him to San Francisco, China, London, and back to New York. His next voyage was that last year to San Francisco, in which his wife again accompanied him. The Neptune's Car left port at the same time with the clippers Romance of the Seas, Intrepid, and two others, the names of which we do not remember. As usual with commanders in the Pacific trade, Capt. Patton wished to get his ship into port ahead of his rivals. He soon found, however, that his first mate slept during half his watch on the quarter deck, while he kept the ship under reefed courses, and, after repeated remonstrances had proved unavailing, he found it necessary to remove him. After that, he undertook to discharge the mate's duties as well as his own, and in consequence of fatigue was taken sick, while passing through the Straits of Lemaire, around the Horn, and in a short time brain fever developed itself.

From that time up to the period of her arrival at San Francisco, Mrs. Patton was both nurse and navigator. When her husband was taken sick, the ship was given in charge of the second mate. He, however, was but an indifferent navigator, and, although he knew how to take an observation, he could not work up the reckoning. Mrs. Patton, who, on her previous voyage, had studied navigation as a pastime, now took observations, worked up the reckoning by chronometer time, laid the ship's courses, and performed most of the other duties of the captain of the ship. During this time her husband was delirious with the fever, and she shaved his head, and devised every means in her power to soothe and restore him. To this end, she studied medicine to know how to treat his case intelligently, and in course of time succeeded in carrying him alive through the crisis of his complaint.

About one week after the Captain fell sick, the mate wrote a letter to Mrs. Patton, reminding her of the dangers of the coast and the great responsibility she had assumed, and offering to take charge of the ship. She replied that, in the judgment of her husband, he was unfit to be mate, and therefore she could not consider him qualified to fill the post of commander. Stung by this rebuff the fellow tried to stir up the crew to mutiny against her; but she called the other mates and sailors aft, and appealed to them to support her in her hour of trial. To a man they resolved to stand by her and the ship, come what might. It was pleasant to witness their cheerful obedience to her orders, as each man vied with his fellows in the performance of his duty.

By the time the ship came nearly up to the latitude of Valparaiso, Captain Patton had somewhat recovered from the fever, although far too weak for any mental or physical exertion, and the mate, under promise of doing better in future, had partially resumed duty. But Mrs. Patton discovering that he was steering the ship out of her course, and making for Valparaiso, apprised her husband of the fact. The mate was summoned below and asked to explain his conduct, which he did by saying that he could not keep the ship nearer her course. Capt. Patton then had his cot moved to a part of the cabin from which he could view the "tell-tale" of the compass, and soon found that the mate was still steering for Valparaiso. He then sent for the four mates and the sailors, and formally deposed the first mate, promoting the second officer to his place. Then he gave orders that under no circumstances was his ship to be taken into any other port than San Francisco. Soon after he had a relapse, and for twenty five days before the vessel reached port he was totally blind. At length San Francisco was reached in safety, after a short voyage of one hundred and twenty days, the vessel beating three out of four of her competitors.

The safety of the ship and the preservation of her husband's life were wholly due to the constant care and watchfulness of Mrs. Patton. On her arrival she informed the consignee of the vessel that for fifty nights previous she had not undressed herself.

Some time in December last we published the only account of this remarkable instance of female fortitude which had been given, in an extract from a commercial letter to the owners in this city. Yesterday we received a note from our ship-news collector, stating that Mrs. Patton and her husband were in this city, having arrived in the steamer George Law. We found them at the Battery Hotel, and obtained an interview with Mrs. Patton. She was assiduously attending her husband as heretofore; but his situation is such as to preclude all hope of recovery. Before leaving San Francisco, deafness was added to his other afflictions, and he now lies upon his couch insensible to everything but the kind offices of his beloved companion, and so weak that he may expire at any moment. Occasionally he speaks to his wife, sometimes lucidly, but oftener in a wild and incoherent manner. Mrs. Patton's brother, Mr. Brown, we believe, who is foreman of a ship-yard in Boston, is in attendance upon his sister and brother-in-law. From him we learned that Capt. Patton had been taken care of by his brother Masons in San Francisco, and Dr. Hawis, one of the fraternity, had watched over him on his way home. On leaving San Francisco, he seemed to rally considerably, but on reaching a warm latitude he relapsed, and has sunk to the hopeless state in which we found him. The Masons of this city, having been advised from San Francisco of his intended departure for home, were waiting for the George Law on her arrival, and brought him on a litter to the Battery Hotel, where they have since watched over him.

With that modesty which generally distinguishes true merit, Mrs. Patton begged to be excused from speaking about herself. She said that she had done no more than her duty, and as the recollection of her trials and sufferings evidently gave her pain, we could not do otherwise than respect her feelings. Few persons would imagine that the woman who behaved so bravely, and endured so much for her husband's sake, is a slender New England girl, scarcely twenty years old. She is a lady of medium height, with black hair, large, dark, lustrous eyes, and very pleasing features. Her health is very much impaired from the hardships which she has undergone, and she is very near the period of maternity. Yet she does not spare herself in the least, but is most faithful and constant in her attentions to her husband. We have been informed that she is in straitened circumstances, and although she might, and doubtless would, shrink from assistance from others, yet it seems to us that this is a case in which our merchants may do themselves honour, by a liberal recognition of her heroic conduct. The Board of Underwriters, we understand, have voted or will vote her $1,000. Considering that the ship and cargo were worth nearly $350,000, and that to her skill and decision they are mainly indebted for its safety, under most adverse circumstances—for the weather was unusually severe—we think, looking at the matter from a purely pecuniary point of view, the least they should have done would have been to give her a check for $5,000. Not only did she safely take the ship from Cape Horn to San Francisco, but both vessel and cargo were in better trim than any of her competitors when she reached port. Of course the owners of the ship will do handsomely by Mrs. Patton; but were the merchants of New York to make up a liberal purse, it would prove highly acceptable to the widow (as she almost certainly soon will be) and her small family.

Capt. Patton is a native of Rockland, Maine, and has risen from the forecastle solely by his own exertions. Mrs. Patton and her brother will convey him to their home in Boston to-day, by the steamer, if the weather will permit. That she has the entire sympathies of this community in her trying affliction she may be fully assured, and also that by her good deeds she has added another laurel to the honour of her sex.—*Tribune, Feb.* 19.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—By this time it is no secret that he is reputed in London literary circles to be the wittiest man going. In grave, downright or discussive conversation, or in eloquent and varied monologue, there may be others of our metropolitan men of letters who come up to him, or surpass him; but in the one quality of wit, and, above all, in the facility of instant, pungent, flashing, blasting retort, he is believed to have no equal. Not that he is a peculiarly argumentative or combative man, far less that he is really cynical or ill-natured. His ordinary or spontaneous talk is bright, free, various, anecdotic, fanciful and often very earnest, though still characterized by the play of wit. But the fashion of wit-combats, even among friends, has not yet gone out; and often where there is no difference at all, or where, if there is a difference, it is a perfectly amicable one, something will be said by some one present containing within it the element by possibility of a jest—a jest confirmation, a jest critical, a jest sarcastic, a jest dissolvent, a jest personal to the speaker, or a jest purely arbitrary and fantastic. Then is Mr. Jerrold's moment. A flash, and it is out! Away somewhere among the affinities, ere one could count two; the thing has been caught; a word has been doubled up, an analogy seized on the wing; two ideas that had lain apart since chaos are suddenly brought together; the quickest hearer has it first; the laugh goes round like a cracker; and, just when the rest are done, the metaphysical Scotchman at the end of the table cries out, "I see it," and sends round the laugh again. When the jest is confirmative or fantastic, all are pleased; when it is critical, or sarcastic, or dissolvent, the speaker may go on at the peril of another; when it is personal and no harm is meant, a good fellow will keep his temper. There is, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold takes a part that does not elicit from him half a dozen of supremely good things of the kind described.—*National Magazine.*

GEORGE THOMPSON IN INDIA.

From The Bengal Hurkaru.

THE following is a brief outline of the remarks made by Mr. George Thompson, at the Bhawanipore Literary Institution, on the evening of the 22d November.

After some lengthened introductory observations,

Mr. THOMPSON spoke as follows: I may be asked if, after the expiration of thirteen years, I see any evidence of improvement in the administration of affairs, and the condition of the people. With respect to the actual condition of the cultivators of the soil, there has, I think, been no improvement; nor, in my judgment, can any considerable amelioration be effected until there is a thorough revision of the existing systems of revenue, and corresponding changes in the mode of collecting it. But let me state wherein, as it strikes me, advances have been made, which should be estimated with a view less to what is at present realized than to what is indicated and promised by them. Progress has undoubtedly been made in the work of education, especially in the creation of new departments of education. Let the aspiring youth of India, who have acquired what is called an ordinary education, take advantage of the means offered them of advancing to legal, mechanical, scientific and artistic excellence, and, by their future choice of their pursuits, show that they have an ambition that soars above mere clerical occupations, which, however respectable, and sometimes remunerative, are by no means the highest or noblest in which they should seek to engage. The recent opening of the civil service has presented to the young men of England a large number of prizes worthy of being strenuously competed for, and I hope it will not be long before the chances offered to them are placed within the reach of the young men of this country without the necessity of a residence abroad. Let those who study with a view to service under the Government keep in sight the situations hitherto exclusively filled by Covenanted Europeans, and let them rest assured that, whether with or without the direct encouragement of the Government, they will eventually share in the highest appointments to which they can be nominated (hear, and cheers). I confess I am greatly dissatisfied with the contents of the literary productions of some of the members of your educated community. I am equally dissatisfied with the topics that from year to year are debated in your clubs and literary associations. It is not by poetry, eloquence, metaphysics, or speculations on abstract theological questions, that the good of this vast empire can be promoted, or the Government of it influenced (hear, hear). I want to see the young men of India, after they have acquired a sound grammatical knowledge of the English language, and a moderate acquaintance with English literature, devoting themselves in their further studies to matters having a direct bearing upon the great social, material and domestic interests of the people at large, as well as upon their own status and influence in society. I would have them choose, as themes for their essays and speeches, subjects connected with the morality, welfare and happiness of the great body of the people, and I would have them discuss these subjects in language as simple and sententious as it is now florid and diffuse (hear). If you who would serve your generation, and set a worthy example to your countrymen, listen to a word of counsel from one who is your sincere friend: spend not your time, after leaving college, in talking about Dante and Tasso, and Homer and Virgil, and Locke and Bacon, and Byron and Shelley. Leave such matters to professional critics or idle *literati*. Study the laws of England, and the regulations of your own country. Study, above all, some subject with a view to the practical devotion of your lives to a really useful and honourable profession. Refrain from all invectives against the local Government until you have fully mastered the facts of the case, and be ever mindful to discriminate between that which is justly chargeable to the Government, and remediable by it, and which is independent of the Government, or beyond the reach of legislative correction (hear, hear). When you do arraign your rulers, trust to facts and not to fancy; deal in arguments and not in epithets. Men in power can smile with derision at angry and unsupported assertions, and strong and abusive declamation, but they cannot long withstand the influence of temperate remonstrances and respectful representations, founded upon authentic facts, and enforced by clear and conclusive reasoning (applause). I tendered this advice to the young men of Calcutta in 1843, I repeat it to the young men of 1856, and I conjure them to accept it from the lips of one who is as earnest a reformer of Indian misgovernment as the most ardent among them (cheers). I would congratulate you upon the progress that has been made in the means of transit and inter-communication since I was last here. Then steamboats had only just begun to run, railroads were only matters of discussion, and the electric telegraph was not dreamt of. You have now fleets of steamers, a railroad at every presidency, and electric telegraph wires connecting all the most important parts of the country together. Public works that in 1843 were incomplete, or only projected, are now perfect realities, and are conferring large benefits on the community. In addition to what has been already accomplished, I see the infallible indications of further and indefinite advances in the same direction. The exigencies of the State, here, are coöperating with the increasing wants of Great Britain, and will lead more and more to the undertaking of those enterprises which have most to do with the material and commercial prosperity of the two countries. I congratulate you upon the increased employment of Native energy—upon the large extension of the uncovenanted European service—upon the growing attention of Parliament to Indian questions—upon the prospect of there soon being one criminal code for all India, and a scheme of legal procedure, also common to the whole country, simpler and less tortuous and protracted than the forms now in use—upon the changes made by the last Indian Bill in the constitution of the Legislative Council, which I trust will prove the prelude to other and wider changes—upon the comparative publicity given to the acts of the Government in certain departments, and the facilities afforded to the conductors of the press of the country, to inform themselves respecting the results of the labours of the company's servants in their several spheres of duty (loud cheers). These things show that some progress of a beneficial kind has been made even in India. Many causes and circumstances have combined to bring about these reforms, and similar and more potent causes are at work to carry on the work of reform and regeneration. I would not omit to express the pleasure with which I have seen, ever since I landed, the more liberal and enlightened natives coming forward to aid the Government in effective legislative changes of a humane and elevating tendency, in social institutions and customs of an exclusively native character (hear). Were I addressing an assembly of men possessed of the power to correct existing abuses and defects, I might be tempted to dwell upon the opposite side of the picture. But such is not the case, and I content myself, therefore, with a glance at what has been achieved, and draw from it encouragement to hope for future and further progress. As far as the work of Indian reform is to be advanced in India by the natives themselves, it will have to be advanced by a comparatively very small number; but that very small